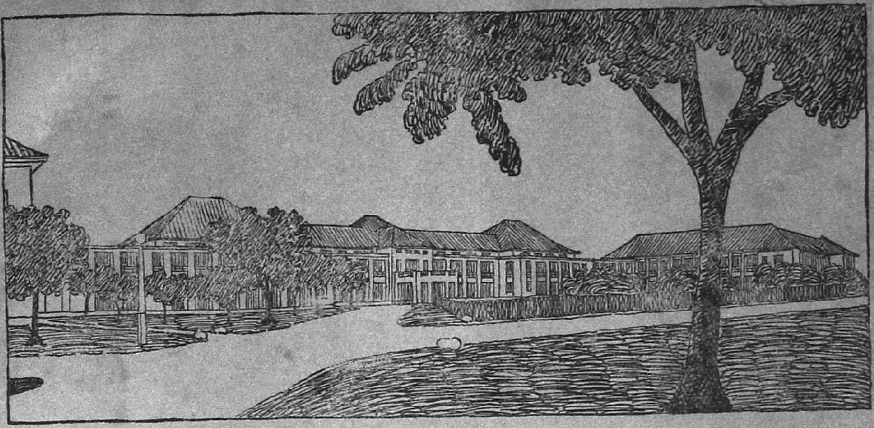
THE MADRAS



CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

'They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
STRETCHING FORWARD ...	1
THREE LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE'S MORALS	5
ECONOMICS AND ECONOMISTS IN INDIA	15
VIJI	24
NOCTURNE	26
HAVE YOU A BALANCED MIND? ...	28
THE LOVE DIVINE	31
GORA—A SIMPLE TALE	32
ABANDONED	33
TOLSTOI'S *WAR AND PEACE* ...	36
'LADY AND GENTLEMEN' ...	48
ON BORING	49
THE STREET SINGER	51
COLLEGE NOTES	52
HALL REPORTS	54
SOCIETIES	57
ATHLETICS	69

THE
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE
MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER, 1943

STRETCHING FORWARD*

Philippians iii. 13, 14: 'Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forward unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

Forgetting everything that is behind and stretching forward to what lies before me, I press on to the finishing-point in order to win the prize—God's call heavenward in Christ Jesus.

It is the picture of a runner, well off his mark, straining every nerve and sinew in order to keep his advantage and win the race. There is always the temptation to look round and see how he is getting on, and whether he is holding his lead, but he resists the temptation, tries not to think of what is behind, and concentrates all his thought on the one aim of reaching the finishing-point ahead of him. Forgetting what is behind, and straining forward to what lies ahead, he presses on towards the finishing-point, in order to win the prize. . . . The comparison of the Christian life to a race, although it appears more than once in the New Testament, is not entirely satisfactory. Life is not, for the Christian any more than for anybody else, something to be run through as quickly as possible, nor is it the aim of the Christian to triumph over rivals and win a prize which others must therefore lose. But, if the metaphor of a race is in some ways rather unsatisfactory, there is nevertheless a great deal of truth in the picture of a Christian as one who must earnestly press forward to something that lies before him, resisting the temptation to let his mind dwell on what lies behind. Some of you have read *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and will remember how Christian fled from the City of Destruction. He began to run, and they called after him to return, but he 'ran on crying, Life, Life, Eternal Life.' The Christian has to leave evil things behind him, and sometimes good things also, because he knows that

> (His) destiny, (his) being's heart and home
> Is with infinitude, and only there;
> Effort, and expectation, and desire,
> And something evermore about to be.

God has set a great hope in his heart so that he must always be looking forward, and striving forward, and trying, by God's help, to lay hold of the things that God has promised. And, as he thus presses on to something that lies ahead, and still ahead, and still further ahead, he dare not weaken his effort by casting too many backward glances on what is past and done with.

* A Sermon preached at the College Service by the Principal, on 4 July, 1943.

He has to close his mind to many things that lie behind, and look to the future.

I expect that some of you are very vividly conscious this evening, perhaps even painfully conscious, that you have left one stage of your life behind you and are pressing on into a new stage, full of interesting possibilities, but at the same time disturbingly unfamiliar and uncertain. Some of you have left home for the first time, perhaps, and are only now beginning to realise how much home life meant to you, with parents to protect you and advise you, brothers and sisters to share things with and quarrel with. Perhaps you are wondering how on earth you are going to get on without all that, in a strange new world. Well, I want to remind you, that this passing on from stage to stage, turning one's back on old familiar things, and stepping out towards new experiences and unfamiliar circumstances—this is a necessary element in everybody's experience, something without which we should never grow. It is sometimes a little painful, it is nearly always interesting, but, whether or not we like it, it is necessary for the proper development of our life. The child who refused to go to school because he didn't want to leave his mother, would always remain a child. The boy or young man who wouldn't leave home for work or study because he couldn't do without his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, would never grow up into a strong and self-reliant man. And, even at later stages of our life, we always have to be willing to say goodbye to what is dear and familiar, and press on to new tasks in new and strange surroundings. In the second place, I want to remind you, that the Christian need never be afraid to set off on new and untried roads, because he knows that, if he wants to, he can always have the companionship of Jesus on the way. He doesn't need to face anything alone. You remember how, a few days after the crucifixion of our Lord, two of his followers were walking from Jerusalem to a village called Emmaus, and they met a stranger on the way, who joined them and talked with them. Afterwards, when he had left them, they realised that the companion of their journey had been no other than Jesus himself, and they said to each other, 'Now we know why there was such a warmth in our hearts as he walked with us along the road.' Well, as we set out along a new stretch of road, perhaps not very certain where it is going to lead us, and wondering what new experiences, of difficulty and delight, it holds in store for us, let us remember that we can have that warm glow of confidence which comes to those who travel in company with Jesus. We can still meet him and have his companionship, as those friends in Galilee met him in their journeying; and he will teach us what we need to learn, and give us the equipment that we need, at any rate for the next day's march.

And, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And Faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

And there is another side to that, by the way. As the new road opens up before you, it will certainly present its own temptations. You will be tempted

to linger here, where you ought to hurry on, or to turn up that by-path when you ought to keep straight along the great highway. Well, it is an old rule, and a good rule, never to go anywhere that you wouldn't have Jesus see you go to, and never deliberately to do anything that you wouldn't have Jesus see you do. That is not so stern a rule as perhaps it may seem to you, for Jesus would not forbid you all the bright and merry things that life has to offer; it is not, after all, a terribly stern rule, but it is a rule that will help to save you from what is mean and furtive and unhealthy. Go nowhere that you wouldn't have Jesus see you go to; never deliberately do anything that you wouldn't have Jesus see you do.

It is a necessary condition of growth, then, that we should always be turning our back on what is past and done with, and pressing on to new efforts and new experiences. But why does the apostle say that he *forgets* the things that are behind? Why should it be necessary to forget the past in order to reach forward effectively into the future? Well, of course, we mustn't press the apostle's language too far; as I said to you before, the picture in his mind is of a man running a race, and what he wants to emphasise is that there is none of that looking backward which destroys concentration and slackens effort. (You know how, often, when we are watching a race, we shout to the man whom we want to help, 'Don't look back! don't look back!') There are some things in the past which we obviously ought to forget—old quarrels, old jealousies, old failures—except in so far as the memory of them can spur us to new and better effort for the future, and there are some things in the past which, equally obviously, we ought not to forget, good habits which we have been enabled to form, and truths that God has taught us, through our parents, or our teachers, or through our own personal experience of life. But the general direction and concentration of our thought must be forward and not backward, and there are even good things in the past which, on the whole, are best forgotten. Now I know that is a dangerous thing to say to students, and I shall tell you in passing why I think it is dangerous. There is always a tendency, and I think it is a growing tendency, for young men who have reached the student stage to imagine that they are wiser than their elders and quite competent to teach their parents. And no doubt there is an element of truth in the idea, for we must suppose that the new generation often does see something that the old generation missed; youth does bring new vision and new enterprise to the examination and treatment of life's tasks, and it would be a dreadful business if the judgments and achievements of one generation were always accepted quite uncritically by the next. But, all the same, when I find students taking too seriously the silly talk that goes around, about this being the day of youth, I always want to warn them against being misled by it. At any time, and in any circumstances, youth has its special vision and special faculty, and so has age; and to set the one against the other, or to suggest that the one can work without the other, is to do violence to the wisdom with which God has ordered his world. I don't want to suggest to you that, by becoming students, you have become splendid creatures of a quite special importance, with special gifts of insight and leadership, called to exercise your superior intelligence on the problems which your foolish elders have needlessly created. I don't want you to think that you can afford to

despise or forget the substance of what your parents taught you, as they sought to bring you up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' And that is why I said it was dangerous to tell students that there are even good things in the past which are best forgotten. But now let me risk it. There *are* even good things in the past which are best forgotten. Old successes, for example. I have known students who were so filled with wonder and delight at getting a first class in the Intermediate examination, that they couldn't settle down to work for a whole year afterwards. It would have been better for them if they had accepted their success, and been thankful for it, and then forgotten it, but, instead of that, they allowed it to be an obstacle in the way of further progress. Well, the same thing can happen in more important spheres; satisfaction with some good thing that we have achieved can become a positive obstacle to our moral and spiritual progress—until we learn to forget the things that are behind and to press forward to what lies ahead. Old successes,—and old ways of thinking, also. When you were a child, your mother taught you how to think of God, and how to pray to Him, and I don't think you will ever remember her teaching with anything but affection and gratitude. But don't imagine that the ways of thinking that were suitable for the child will be equally suitable for the grown man. The conceptions you learned as a child have served their purpose and been a means of grace for you; but you must leave behind you the child's ways of thinking—though not the child's simplicity—and learn to think like a man. Even good things in the past have to be left behind that we may press on to something better.

'I press on to the finishing-point in order to win the prize—God's call heavenward in Christ Jesus.' We press on from stage to stage in our journey through the world, but notice the reminder in the closing phrase that the final end, or the final reward, of all our striving is something above and beyond this world. In much of our thinking today, the stress is laid on what we ought to do towards the achievement of a juster social order, and it is certainly a good thing that we should always be asking ourselves how our Christian faith is to be related to the life of the world around us. But we must never make the mistake of narrowing our ultimate horizon to the measure of this world, or supposing that the souls that God has made can ever be finally satisfied with what this world offers. The end to which we look forward is that, having pressed on from stage to stage in this life's journey, we should be called, through the grace of God, to a life beyond. Just as, in youth, we must leave behind the things of childhood, and in manhood the things of youth, so a time will come —and let us rejoice that it is so—when we must leave behind all the things of this present world, and the fashion thereof, and set our faces towards something new, 'For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.'

THREE LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE'S MORALS*

I. POETIC JUSTICE

Once upon a time, in the city of Shushan, in the reign of King Ahasueras, the chief minister was Haman; and because he was a bad man he hated the Jews (it is a Jew who tells the story). And Haman persuaded the king, who was a good man but gullible, to oppress the Jews, especially one whom Haman hated, Mordecai. He contrived that Mordecai should be sentenced to death, and lovingly prepared for him the tallest pair of gallows ever seen in Shushan, eighty feet high, and hungrily waited for the day of the execution. But Mordecai managed to send word to his adopted daughter Esther, who was one of Ahasueras's queens. Esther asked that all the Jews should pray for her: then she boldly went to the king without being sent for, which was to risk her life. But Ahasueras was in a good mood, and welcomed her; and she told him the truth about Haman. And the consequence was that Haman was hanged on the eighty-foot gallows built for Mordecai, his ten sons being added for interest.

This old story, which makes its incongruous appearance in the Hebrew Bible, is a good example of poetic justice: and it shows that poetic justice has more to do with poetry than with justice. When a villain sets a trap for a good man, and is caught in it himself, the conclusion pleases some sense in us which has nothing to do with morality. For strict justice, any other trap would serve as well; but when it is the man's own trap that catches him, there is something neat and tidy and satisfying about the shape of the story: our satisfaction is not moral, but aesthetic.

In the same book we read of the patriarch Job, who rejoiced in the possession of seven thousand sheep, three thousand camels, five hundred yoke of oxen, and five hundred she-asses, and also seven sons and three daughters. He was also famous for his piety. In the Council of Heaven the Lord himself used to boast of Job, as a college staff boasts of a brilliant student. But one day Satan, who attended as Counsel for the Prosecution, pointed out with a sneer that it is easy to be good when you are as rich as that. God was ready to back the righteousness of Job, and he gave Satan permission to test it in any way that he pleased. Satan went to work at once. The oxen and asses were stolen by Sabeans, the sheep were burnt up by lightning, the camels were carried away by Chaldeans: all this on the same day. And with this news came news that the seven sons and three daughters were dining together when a great wind blew down the house and all perished. Well, I can't tell the whole story again, unfortunately; but the end of it is that Job passes the test, and proves that his piety is sincere and disinterested. The result is that the friends who have abandoned him return, giving him each a piece of money and a gold earring: with this capital he resumes

* These lectures were delivered at Annamalai University on July 29th, 30th and 31st, 1943, and are printed here by the kind permission of the Vice-Chancellor.

farming, and soon he has twice as many cattle as at first, also seven more sons and three more daughters. Poetic justice again: it looks nice and sounds well. But it pleases us only as long as we don't think seriously about it. If you lose seven sons and three daughters, it is hardly even consolation, let alone justice, to get the same number of different ones. Poetic justice, I repeat, is more poetic than just.

And I think that we enjoy it in the same way that we enjoy games, as a relief from the disappointments and confusions of real life. Life is a battle, as we are told from our schooldays: but as a rule we aren't quite sure whom or what we are fighting, and we have little idea whether we have any chance of victory, or even what victory means. In a game there is first the simple play-instinct of healthy young animals: but apart from that there is the satisfaction of knowing what you are up against and what is happening. You may lose, of course: half of us necessarily must: but it is better to lose than not to know what's going on. And then in a game you know the rules, and they are the same for yourself and your opponent. It is like a small-scale model of life, and it works far more clearly and smoothly than the original. Well, poetic justice pleases us in the same way. It is neater, tidier, and more satisfying than real life. Perhaps it interprets life for us, like the diagram of a machine: but I think it is rather an escape or refuge from real life. We know where we are with poetic justice: the good people prosper in well-matched pairs at the end, though at one stage it has looked as if everything were going wrong; and the bad people suffer as we want them to in the end, however well their schemes may go to begin with. How comforting!

And now we must get on to our proper subject, which is Shakespeare. What is his attitude to poetic justice? Well, you know, I hope, the story of *As You Like It*. It is about two pairs of brothers. The Duke, an amiable man, is deposed and driven out into the forest by an ambitious younger brother. Orlando, the hero, is persecuted by a miserly and jealous elder brother Oliver. Orlando goes off to the forest, meets the exiled Duke, and in due course marries the Duke's daughter Rosalind. So far so good. But Rosalind has a friend and cousin, Celia, the daughter of the usurping Duke; a good girl, who must therefore be married off happily before the end. Also the exiled Duke must be restored to his dukedom. He professes to be happier in the forest than he ever was in his court, in the famous speech 'Sweet are the uses of adversity' etc., and talks about Nature like Wordsworth: but poetic justice won't be denied. And Shakespeare brings Oliver to the forest, looking for Orlando with no good purpose: and Orlando saves his life, when it is threatened simultaneously by a green and gilded snake and a lioness with udders all drawn dry: by this magnanimity Oliver is converted: and when he meets Celia he falls in love with her at the instant, and she with him. Rosalind says irreverently that she never saw anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and now (she adds) even the police could not part them. And at the same time the usurping duke comes to the forest, meaning to finish off the good work he has begun, and to kill his brother: but on the way he meets a hermit, and is converted, and goes off to the forest himself, leaving the dukedom to its rightful owner—who goes back to it like a shot, for all his belief in adversity.

What has come of poetic justice? Swinburne, a mild and cultivated gentleman, is indignant with Shakespeare over his laxity in this matter: *As You Like It* would be 'perfect', he says, 'were it not for that one unlucky slip of the brush which has left so ugly a little smear in one corner of the canvas as the betrothal of Oliver to Celia'. He would have liked to see Oliver pay in full for all the harm done or attempted against Orlando, instead of being neatly mated to the only young woman of suitable rank who happened to be lying about loose; and he would have preferred the usurper to undergo some heavier punishment than to hear a religious sermon.

Shakespeare shows the same unconscientious good nature in most of his early comedies. In fact he seems ready to break any of the conventions. It is an elementary rule in comedy that every unmarried young person, unless positively villainous, must be paired off in the last Act: a wedding is supposed to be always a happy ending, though we know that sometimes it is only an unhappy beginning. But in *Love's Labour's Lost* the King of Navarre and three noble friends make a vow that they will not marry, or even look at a woman, for three years. Of course that is asking for trouble, and they get it. Immediately the Princess of France, with three noblewomen, arrives in Navarre on State business; the lords cannot refuse to meet them; and as soon as they see them they fall madly in love. After trying uselessly for some time to hide their plight from one another, they all throw their vow to the winds. But the ladies have heard about their folly and presumption, and decide to teach them a lesson; and before the men can pay their court they are made to look foolish in many ways, till they are sufficiently humiliated and contrite. When they do at last propose marriage, the young ladies, saying neither yes nor no, put them on probation: let them redeem themselves by behaving sensibly for a year, and then if they wish they may renew the subject. A very original ending for a comedy!

Another early play is *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The two gentlemen are Valentine and Proteus, and of course they are in love, Valentine with Silvia and Proteus with Julia. But Proteus suddenly becomes infatuated with Silvia, and though she will have nothing to do with him he deserts Julia and betrays Valentine most shamefully. In the end he is exposed and arrested, and Valentine has him in his power. Proteus, forced to acknowledge his own baseness, comes out of his infatuation and repents. Valentine, instead of punishing him, forgives him freely; and then, to show that they are friends again, he says that Proteus may have Silvia after all! Luckily Proteus, being cured, is in love with his own Julia again; otherwise we should have been left with a curious mix-up.

In the comedies of ten years later, the best and happiest comedies, there are other villains, like the bad brothers in *As You Like It*, who are not dealt with severely enough. But three characters are especially interesting from our present point of view: Shylock, Malvolio and Falstaff. I shall have a lot to say about Falstaff in my second lecture, which is to be on Comedy. I will say a word or two about another person who appears with him: Lord Harry Percy, nicknamed Hotspur. The idea, the moral purpose, of the Henry IV plays is plain enough: they are hardly at all about the poor old King; they are about his son Prince Hal, and the theme is the familiar one,

the contrast between appearance and reality—the Ugly Duckling story. The Prince appears to be worthless, while the other Harry is famous all over Europe for his courage and prowess: but at the end of the play Prince Hal throws aside his disguise, challenges Hotspur, and in fair fight defeats him, winning all Hotspur's fame for himself. But the story doesn't work out according to plan. Hal has plenty of virtue; we know from the first that he is only pretending to be dissolute, that he is really brave and wise and sober: but this virtue is all self-centred and calculating, so that we don't love him for it. Hotspur is full of faults: he is impetuous, hot-tempered, foolish; he loses his temper with the King, which is perhaps pardonable, but he cannot even control his tongue with his fellow-rebels. Embarked on a dangerous enterprise, he finds his Welsh partner, Glendower, sometimes comical and sometimes irritating, and in open council he jeers at him past all bearing. But the crowning offence comes when we see him and the other rebels sitting down together to carve up England among them. He is no longer a proud and honour-loving man taking up arms against wrongs that can hardly be endured: he is now a traitor and a brigand. But when the two Harrys meet on the battle-field, and Hotspur falls, we can't help feeling that it is the better man who dies. Hal goes on his way to success and glory and triumph, but he doesn't take our hearts with him. Hotspur, who is dead, was rash and rude and plotted against his own country, but he was generous and gallant and brave, and in a word he never calculated, while Hal never did anything else. Hal has many virtues, but he uses them out of policy for his own advancement: Hotspur had few, but he scattered them prodigally. We admire Hal, but we can't help loving Hotspur. What becomes of poetic justice now?

So we come to Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice.* He is greedy for money, and revengeful, and he makes a cunning plot against the life of a Christian merchant. I am not going to defend the so-called Christianity of *The Merchant of Venice*, which is little better than the solidarity of a wolf-pack and owes nothing to the spirit of Christ. Leaving these smug and cruel Christians out of account, let us think of Shylock and his undoubted villainy. He over-reaches himself, and puts himself into the power of the law he was using for his own vengeance. And in the end he is less than true to himself: having tried for Antonio's life, and losing, he tries to get the money instead, which is mean and pitiful in him. The court rules that all his property is to be forfeit, then allows him the interest on part of it, provided he leaves the capital to the Christian who has stolen his daughter, his only child, and provided further that he becomes a Christian himself, immediately—as a punishment! He says '*I am content*', but withdraws from court, promising to sign the settlement afterwards. And the humiliating sentence and the collapse of Shylock are not true to character. Shylock with all his faults is a man of force and fire, and as he staggers out of court, followed by jeers and insults, we can't help wondering what he will do next: we do not feel that that story is really finished. Poetic justice is always a sort of pattern or framework thought out in advance: and Shylock by mere vitality bursts out of the frame designed to hold him. It is as if the frame were two-dimensional, and he were three-dimensional. Heine, a German Jew, says that he

was once watching the play in London, and at Shylock's discomfiture a fair young English girl near him began to cry, and said 'The poor man is wronged!' That's not how one ought to feel when poetic justice is done, as it is done here.

For Malvolio, you know that Charles Lamb practically says that Malvolio is the hero of *Twelfth Night;* just as Burns, and Shelley after him, called Satan the hero of *Paradise Lost.* I think there is some exaggeration and paradox in Lamb's essay. To speak strictly, Malvolio deserves all he gets. He sins on three separate counts: he fails to be amused by the Fool, and no Fool can allow anyone to get away with that; he is a puritan, and when his mistress's poor relation Sir Toby Belch makes an uproar at midnight, he rebukes him, which is fitting, but rebukes him with too much severity and zest; and lastly he mistakes himself profoundly. Long before his enemies begin their tricks, he fancies that his mistress is in love with him; in his day-dreams he sees himself fondling the countess in public, and ordering Sir Toby about to his heart's content. The plot against him is ingenious, but it succeeds because his three faults, solemnity, severity, and self-love, combine most unluckily to make him vulnerable. He is comically presumptuous, as Shylock is tragically presumptuous; and recent scholarship has brought out the interesting point that his mistake is personal. It is not because he is a steward (stewards did sometimes marry their mistresses) but because he is Malvolio, stiff, awkward, and stupid, that the very notion of the countess loving him is ludicrous: and if he can't see that, he should pay for it. But once again the man steps out of the frame provided for him. When the plot succeeds, Malvolio is still dignified, and says to the countess 'Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious wrong'; and his last word, as he stalks off, is 'I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you'. We can't help wondering for a moment what he will do next; the story is not finished. Life, says the wit, is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel; and both Shylock and Malvolio awaken some feeling in us. Another way of saying the same thing is that every story is tragic, more or less, if you hear it with sympathy, and more or less comic if you hear it without. And we have a little sympathy, in spite of ourselves, with these two figures. And we have a lot with Falstaff, who is too big for the place assigned to him in exactly the same way.

We have looked at *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night.* The third comedy of Shakespeare's first prime is *Much Ado About Nothing.* The main story is a conventional one about stock-characters. Claudio falls in love with Hero, and a certain villain, out of pure love of mischief, convinces Claudio the night before the wedding that Hero is false to him. Claudio waits till all the company are assembled in church, and then denounces Hero in the coarsest language and stalks out, taking his friends with him. Hero under the strain has fainted, and her father decides to give out that she has died and to hide her. In a day or two Claudio finds that he has been deceived, and is of course contrite and eager to make amends. Hero's father suggests that he should show his sincerity by marrying a niece of his who is like Hero. Claudio agrees: and when he comes to church the second time, he discovers that the bride is Hero whom he had thought dead. The whole situation is

improbable, unpleasant, and wholly theatrical; and Claudio, after behaving so tactlessly, I would even say with such calculating brutality, is allowed to get away with a few expressions of regret. It's an outrage.

But the same play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, brings us a perfect example of poetic justice on the plane of pure comedy: the story of Benedick and Beatrice, who are much more vivid and attractive than the proper hero and heroine. They are handsome, well-bred, good-natured, witty, and wise on all points save one: like the heroes of *Love's Labour's Lost*, they consider themselves superior to love. They both mock at marriage, and since people naturally think of them together, they rail especially at one another. So their friends subject them to a kindly practical joke: Benedick's friends contrive that he overhears them lamenting his one fault, which is his cruelty to poor Beatrice: she is dying for love of him, they say, though she tries to hide it, and he won't pay any attention. His vanity is tickled, and he resolves to play the superior benevolent being and save her life. Beatrice is tricked in the same way into believing that Benedick is hiding a hopeless passion for her, and she decides in pure kindness to seem to yield. And in no time they are engaged to be married. In due course they come to know the imposture that has brought them together: at first they want to withdraw, but by this time they have both been caught writing foolish love-letters and bad sonnets to one another, proving themselves to be as weak and silly as everyone else; and they accept their exposure with good grace, and set themselves to make the best of it. The story is told so prettily and with so much fun that it is purely delightful: we like them all the better for the one weakness they both share, and rejoice nevertheless when they are cured of it so neatly. And I can't think of anything else in Shakespeare that's quite like it.

I omit the three curious comedies *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Measure for Measure*, because I must omit something. It happens that they show Shakespeare's irreverence towards poetic justice at its height; but most people feel that on the whole they are not characteristic, though there are grand things in all of them, especially *Measure for Measure*, so that I disdain to help myself from them.

The great tragedies, as everyone agrees except Dr. Johnson, show Shakespeare at the height of his technical skill, and moral insight, and imaginative power. I leave out the heroes of the tragedies for the time being, for they must have a lecture to themselves. But there are two groups of characters we must look at now: the heroines, and the villains.

Of the heroines, Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra stand apart, for they share fully with the tragic heroes in the crime and in the punishment. In *Julius Cæsar* Portia plays a small part. In *Coriolanus* we don't know what happens to Virgilia and Volumnia in the end. In *Timon of Athens* there is no woman of any importance. *Romeo and Juliet* was written many years before the other tragedies, and is very different. But what about Desdemona in *Othello*, Ophelia in *Hamlet*, and Cordelia in *King Lear*? They have no share in the tragic error (Cordelia may seem to be an exception, and I can only say that I don't think so, without stopping to explain), but they suffer in the consequences: Desdemona is smothered by the husband she loves only too well, Ophelia goes out of her mind and is drowned, not without some suspicion of

suicide, and Cordelia is taken prisoner and brutally hanged. The death of Cordelia especially shocked Dr. Johnson. 'Shakespeare,' he says, 'has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of the chronicles . . . . I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play, till I undertook to revise them as an editor.' What happens to poetic justice here?

With the villains of the tragedies, on the other hand, poetic justice works, not quickly enough to save their victims, but very surely where they themselves are concerned. The crime of King Claudius in *Hamlet* leads to many deaths, some of them like Ophelia's, quite innocent; but it involves his own too. And of the fate of two of his instruments, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet himself, who develops towards the end of the play a very grim humour, declares that it is 'sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petar', or in modern terms to see a sapper going up with his own mine. And in *King Lear* the two wicked sisters and the almost more wicked Edmund all fall into the pit they have digged; and as Edmund lies dying he recognizes the fitness of his fate; as he says, 'The wheel is come full circle; I am here.' It is a curious echo, as has been pointed out before, of the Clown's moralisings on the punishment of Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*: 'Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.'

The end of Iago, the most purely evil creature in all the plays, is proportionately impressive. He is detected, and brought in a prisoner before Othello, who deceived by Iago has killed his wife and in a few minutes is to kill himself also. Othello cannot bear to address Iago direct; but to Cassio he says,

> Will you, I pray, demand this demi-devil
> Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

And Iago replies,

> Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
> From this time forth I never will speak word.

To which one lord retorts, 'What, not to pray?' And another, grimly, 'Torments will ope your lips.' He is taken away to be tortured, and the rest is left to our imagination. Claudius, Edmund, Iago, with Richard III and a few minor villains—these do suffer poetic justice. And I think they are the only group of characters who do, and who must be ranked, however incongruously, with Benedick and Beatrice!

There remains the handful of plays that Shakespeare wrote last of all, partly at least after leaving the excitements and triumphs of London to live quietly and respectably in his little lovely native town of Stratford-on-Avon, which remains much as he knew it—except for hordes of gaping tourists, of whom I have been happy to make one. The first of these plays, *Pericles*, is a very poor one, and only parts are by Shakespeare. Of two pairs of villains here, Antiochus King of Antioch and his daughter, and Cleon Governor of Tarsus and his wife, the first are burnt up by miraculous fire from heaven;

and the second are burnt in their palace by their own angry subjects; but both strokes of poetic justice are in parts of the play probably not Shakespeare's. In the next play, *Cymbeline*, there is an evil-hearted mischief-maker Iachimo, but his plot is brought to nothing by a succession of marvellous chances—it is the most complicated plot in Shakespeare—and he begins to repent; and in the last scene he is forgiven, at the intercession of the woman he has wronged most, by the King himself, who says 'Pardon's the word for all'. In *A Winter's Tale* there is no villain: the harm is done by the hero himself in a fit of mad jealousy; he repents, and there is a happy ending. Indeed 'happy ending' is a ridiculously inadequate description of a scene unlike anything else in Shakespeare, in which the very words seem to shine with light and to tremble with an almost religious joy and bliss.

I must say a little more about *The Tempest*, the last play of all. Prospero, Duke of Milan, is deposed by a wicked brother, and is set adrift at sea, in a leaky tub, with his infant daughter Miranda. They make port, however, in a desert island. Prospero is an amateur magician; and by his magic, many years later (when Miranda has grown up) he brings his wicked brother and many other people on to the island, by means of an apparent shipwreck. He can call up all kinds of spirits, the airy Ariel and the earthy Caliban, and also harpies, ghostly dogs, and so forth; and he leads his victims a fine dance. Then he thinks the time has come to make himself known. 'At this hour,' he says, 'lie at my mercy all mine enemies.' Ariel reports that all the visitors are bound by invisible bonds, dismayed and bewildered; and he adds

Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

'Dost thou think so, spirit?' says Prospero; and Ariel replies, 'Mine would sir, were I human' (what a wonderful touch that is!). 'And mine shall,' says Prospero:

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.

That is one of the great moments in Shakespeare, and any comment I could make upon it would be clumsy and useless. But where's poetic justice now?

It is time to draw these preliminary remarks to a close. Today we have

been ranging freely, and almost at random, through the whole body of the plays. We have looked at good plays and bad plays, at comedies, tragedies, and a few histories; we have been dealing with Shakespeare in every possible mood, and at almost every level of excellence. And everywhere we find him neglecting the conventional and formal principles of poetic justice. He may deal out the semblance of it, as with Shylock, Malvolio and Falstaff: and we find it incredible, or protest against it as unjust. He may let off his villains altogether, frivolously as in *As You Like It* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* or sublimely as in *The Tempest.* And he shows perfectly good people suffering monstrously, like Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia. In *The Vicar of Wakefield* one of the chapters has a long heading that reads: 'Happiness and Misery rather the Result of Prudence than of Virtue in this Life; temporal Evils or Felicities being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.' Shakespeare in this resembles Heaven; he does not care about the distribution of reward or punishment. Then does he reckon nothing of morality? Is it not worth while to try to be good? Does wisdom consist in eating, drinking, and being merry, for tomorrow we die? Let us look again, more closely: tomorrow considering Falstaff, and the nature of Comedy; and going on to *Hamlet* and the nature of Tragedy.

But I want to say a final word about poetic justice. I have already suggested that it is more poetic than just. I want to go a step farther, and argue that it isn't just at all.

I have already quoted Dr. Johnson on *King Lear.* He adds: 'A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.' Virtue, he argues, doesn't always pay in real life, and therefore it should always pay in books. In his famous Preface he develops the thesis more fully. Shakespeare's 'first defect,' he says, 'is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good and evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their example to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better; and justice is a virtue independent of time or place.'

Can we allow this? Is it true that a writer is morally obliged to pretend that you will get on well if you are good, and won't if you aren't?

I have already granted that poetic justice pleases us by a kind of neatness, an agreeable mixing of the expected with the unexpected,

like the last rhyme of a limerick or the point of a funny story. The Mikado, in the Gilbert-and-Sullivan comic opera, says

> My object all sublime I shall achieve in time,
> To let the punishment fit the crime;

the lady who paints and dyes herself excessively is to be stained permanently with walnut juice, and

> The advertising quack who wearies with tales of countless cures,
> His teeth, I've enacted, shall all be extracted, by terrified amateurs,

and such sights are to furnish innocent merriment to the virtuous. If poetic justice is defended on those grounds, I admit the claim.

But when people argue that in books the good must prosper and the wicked must suffer, and that the purpose of the pretence is to encourage the reader to eschew evil and pursue virtue, I protest: first, because the doctrine isn't true; and second, because it is not moral. To be good because we hope the consequences will be good is not morality, it is prudence. Virtue is not just a way of getting on in life; it must be an end in itself, or it is nothing. If what you really want is to be safe or prosperous or respectable, then go for what you want without pretending to bother about virtue; you will only be wasting your time and distracting your attention. To love virtue for the sake of anything else is not virtue; it is hypocrisy; and besides it is silly.

When Shakespeare gave up poetic justice, in fact, he wasn't giving up very much: he was behaving very much as he did when he practically abandoned rhyming couplets in order to write blank verse. I will try to show hereafter that he gave us something much better.

J. R. MACPHAIL

(To be continued)

ECONOMICS AND ECONOMISTS IN INDIA*

BY K. J. MATHEW THARAKAN, M.A.

Economics in India has emerged from its anarchic and nebulous state. Thanks to the labours of many able men, it has taken definite form and shape. Even so, it bears only the same striking resemblance to living economics that a dead body bears to a human being. The economic theories from the West serve like certain medicines to keep it without putrefaction, but cannot be a substitute for life-giving energy.

What are the reasons for this state of affairs? To begin with, an atmosphere in which Economics is still looked upon as a dismal science by some of our greatest and most influential men like Mahatma Gandhi and Sir S. Radhakrishnan, is not very conducive to its growth. For instance, speaking at Tambaram last year, Sir S. Radhakrishnan condemned the civilization of England as the civilization of banks, bonds and warehouses. As students of economics, we might, however, wish we had a little more of this much-condemned civilization of England and a little less of our own peculiar heritage of shocking indifference to pleasure and pain and therefore to all progress. How delightfully different from such philosophic futility is the outlook of Swami Vivekananda! On the 19th of November 1894, from New York he wrote to his disciples in India on this subject in no uncertain language. 'We talk foolishly against material civilization. The grapes are sour . . . . Material civilization, nay, even luxury is necessary to create work for the poor. Bread! Bread! I do not believe in a God who cannot give me bread here giving me eternal bliss in heaven . . . . More bread, more opportunity for everybody.'

It might, however, be nearer the truth to criticise, not the civilization of England, but the economics of England as the economics of banks, bonds and warehouses. For the economics of England, as of most other western countries, have as their back-ground, to quote the words of Dr. John Mathai, 'a highly industrialised society knit together by a complex commercial and financial organization.' Economic Science, as it is understood today, is largely the product of a special type of social environment, and we in India should be the last persons to dignify it with the name 'General Economics'. Professor Adarkar in his fiscal policy rightly emphasises the relativity of all economic doctrines, a relativity, which says he, compels us chameleon-like to take the colour of the environment, a relativity which according to him explains the mercantilism of England prior to the industrial revolution, her laissez faire policy of two centuries thereafter, and her hesitating protectionism of today.

One cannot fully understand the difficulties of the Indian economist unless one bears this in mind. His intellectual tools are manufactured in

* A talk given at the Madras University Economics Seminar at the beginning of the year 1942.

foreign factories and like most foreign imports are of doubtful advantage. There is not even discriminating protection in this respect, just because even under a microscope one cannot discover a single important infant industry. Arrayed from top to bottom in the thickest and most fashionable woollen clothing from England, the Indian economist stands under the mid-day sun of the tropics, a truly tragic figure engaged incessantly in wiping away the flowing perspiration. On one side he has to face the charka-economists harping on primitive simplicity with an emphasis on the word 'primitive' and waxing eloquent over the advantages of reversing the process of evolution. On another side the Indian economist has to face the super-nationalist who would fain leap over centuries without even Wells' Time-machine and who seeing things sometimes correctly, but more often incorrectly, sometimes actuated by genuine nationalism, but more often confusing self-interest for national interest, believes that by shouting loudest, he can reach the desired goal. And lastly the economist has to face, if he is to be true to his science, that formidable, slow-moving, somewhat unresponsive and sometimes hostile political agency, namely the British Government in India. Dr. Johnson watching the dog balancing itself on its hind-legs remarked, 'The wonder of it is not that the dog could stand on its hind-legs only with great difficulty, but that it could stand at all!' Facing wintry blasts from every side, the wonder of it is not that the Indian economists have fared so badly, but that they have survived at all, and sometimes with respectability.

But the Indian economist has himself to blame if his pose has been at times a little too artificial. His complete dependence on intellectual machinery cast in western furnaces has already been noted. Mrs. Hotelling of the Columbia University speaking at the statistical conference held at Madras some time ago expressed considerable surprise that India, so famous from times immemorial for all kinds of abstract thinking, should have contributed so little to economic theory. Dr. John Mathai in his presidential address to the Economic Conference 1937-38, lamented that Indian economic literature has been confined almost entirely to two types—descriptive and propagandist. One reason for this lack of progress is the prevalence of a certain attitude of mind like that of some economists who having reached a comfortable position in life rest on their oars in a languorous splendour casting a pitying smile on the labours of less fortunate men. Here is the symptom of a general malady. A comparatively rich country with a poor people, an intelligent and talented group of economists with a very limited output of economic literature of the highest quality—that is the paradox of India. It can only be explained by recognising that in our country, much more so than in any other country, men are judged and respected by their degrees and their status. And when these are obtained there is very little incentive for further exertion. The result is that we practically lose the services of just those people who are highly qualified and fitted by their training to give us valuable contributions.

Intellectual indolence is not, however, the only cause for our backwardness. For among our economists there are some possessed of great talents, of astonishing industry. And yet, even in most of them we miss the power

to transcend the environment, that something superior to ordinary logic and reason—the translogical gift of intuition. We cannot help feeling that in the never-ending interplay of action and reaction, of the environment on the individual and the individual on the environment, the Indian economist has played a far too passive role. He has pursued the line of least resistance, of quick and sure results and turned away from more difficult tasks with a sigh of maidenly melancholy. Rarely do we find in him the exquisite, if excruciating ecstasy in the pursuit of economic truths, that mood of reckless abandon, that scorn of consequence, the divine indifference to popular frowns and favours which for instance characterizes the attitude of the devotee or Bhakta to the Lord or of the true lover to the adored. With one eye turned towards that alluring if elusive phantom which men call success in life, and the other towards the pursuit of economic truths, he gets himself into an impossible situation in which he must either abandon one of his objectives or have his eyes irreparably injured. No wonder he suffers from a painful uncertainty as to his place in the scheme of the universe in relation to the known past, the doubtful present and the unknown future, and loses his tranquillity.

Another factor to be taken into account is the neglect of theory. Problems of the present have occupied the attention of every one to the exclusion of all theories. Public attention is concentrated on such problems. The economist is expected to give his views on current matters and so justify not merely his existence, but the existence of the science itself. Economics and economists are always on the defensive forgetting the maxim of that great strategist, Frederick the Great, that the best method of defence is 'to advance, always advance'. In this defensive role the Indian economist feels quite uncomfortable with the theories he has laboriously learned from London and Cambridge, and after bitter experience has come to place more reliance on his commonsense than on those fine theories. In this, he is perfectly right, for wherever economic theory comes into conflict with commonsense, it is better to throw overboard economic theory rather than commonsense. But that does not justify the amazing unconcern, much less the sneering contempt of theory entertained by some of our economists. For there need be no such conflict. Economics is commonsense. When there is an apparent conflict, it only means that the economic theory is defective and requires some overhauling. Such a conflict must spur the economist to evolve theories which would explain the facts. As A. W. Knight says, 'Economic theory must explain all the facts as the theory of a detective must explain all the clues.' It is not contended that we must float theories as children do soap bubbles. Fact-finding is absolutely necessary. In fact one of the greatest drawbacks which we come across in all economic investigations is the absence of statistical data. Economists who have taken pains to gather facts, who have analysed them and arrived at valuable conclusions out of their independent thinking, deserve great credit. When all that is recognised, a doubt, a gentle doubt, none-the-less an irrepressible doubt crosses the mind. Faced with criticism and hostility from many quarters, are not our economists reluctant to invite further trouble by indulging in theory and thus running the risk of subjecting themselves to fierce blasts and incendiary

bombs from economists of other lands? Times are bad. The international situation is tense. Why should we be surprised if economists in India prefer the security of bomb-proof shelters, shelters made of concrete, concrete facts above, concrete facts below, and concrete facts all round, to the dangers of the open air? We sympathise with them; but we also fear that they might make a permanent home of these shelters and refuse to come out at all. In that case there would be starvation. In such circumstances we will have to remind them that though discretion is the better part of valour, there are times when valour becomes the better part of discretion. For instance why is it that in the great controversies following the publication of Keynes' treatise in 1931 and his General Theory in 1935 our leading economists took practically no part? In a Seminar at the University, Dr. Lokanathan pointed out how the great depression profoundly affected the minds of leading economists all the world over, and made them think along new lines with the result that a great and fruitful advance in theory was achieved. But in India, the only effect of the depression seems to have been to make our economists more depressed, and naturally too, for the facts they collected told a very depressing tale. There is not even the shadow of a doubt that unless our economists are ready to venture into the open, leaving the comparative security of mere statistical investigations, proceeding much further than a mere analysis of facts, they will never achieve international status, the status for instance which a Raman or Radhakrishnan or Tagore has achieved for us in other fields.

There is no need for our economists to be unduly obsessed with the greatness of western economists. A combination of circumstances makes them appear more imposing than they really are. If only our leading economists look at Smith, Ricardo, Marshall, Keynes and others, not through the magnifying lenses provided by British institutions and Anglo-Saxon literature, but with their naked eye, not with any feeling of inferiority, but with a feeling of confidence generated by five-thousand years of intellectual supremacy in all fields of abstract thought, they may be seen in their proper perspective. For of the volume of economics, only one chapter has been written in England, and that chapter though containing many brilliant passages, is far from perfect. Some of the other chapters would have to be written in India. With characteristic British genius for muddling into the right, for comprehending truth though imperfectly and vaguely, for conceding it though reluctantly, Marshall has forecast this in his inaugural lecture of 1885. '. . . . We are able to cross-examine the facts of Modern India, and I believe that our science working on these facts will gradually produce a *solvent* which will explain much that is unintelligible in medieval economic history.'

II

In attempting to create a better environment for the study and development of Economics, nothing seems to be more important than the evolution of a proper standard of values. In that interesting love-scene between Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth depicted in 'The Dark Lady of the Sonnets' by the impish fancy of G. B. Shaw for the edification of the English people, the immortal bard confronts the Queen who is priding herself in having

effectively countered the operation of Gresham's law with its operation in a different field. He laments that bad plays in general and his bad plays in particular are driving out of circulation his good plays and implores the Queen to set things right by using her influence with the people. As it sometimes happens, the woman proves a better judge of human nature than the man, though the man was no less than Shakespeare. 'Master Shakespeare,' declares the Queen, 'you do not know how dull my subjects are as much as I do. Their understanding and tastes are awfully bad. Nothing can be done. But don't despair. Slowly but steadily, they are improving. Just wait for another 300 years and you will be properly appreciated.' In this respect, we in India are more British than the British themselves. When one examines the economic literature of the country, the journals and other publications, one is surprised to note the large number of worthless articles and books. Unless the weed is thrown out, the corn may not grow. Directly or indirectly, bad contributions tend to drive out good ones. There is also another side to the picture. If we cannot progress so long as we do not call a spade a spade, equally injurious is it to damn fellow-economists with faint praise when they deserve better. At the moment, the prevailing fashion seems to be to enhance one's greatness by exhibiting a very limited appreciation of others compensated by an unlimited appreciation of oneself. Considering the very difficult circumstances in which Indian economists are placed, it would be better if they practise greater charity towards one another, without of course departing from truth. For, economists, even great economists, are susceptible to the intangible influences of appreciation and friendly criticism and nothing can be more heartening to one than the appreciation or even the helpful and sympathetic criticism of fellow-workers.

It may be noticed in passing that one major factor that has arrested the development of our science is the existence of a seemingly unbridgeable gulf between the economist and the administrator. The absence of contact between the economist and the administrator has tended to make the study of economics somewhat unreal and it has also caused a feeling of frustration in the economist with adverse consequences for all concerned. Irrespective of the results that might be achieved, the constitution of a consultative committee of leading economists in the land by the Government of India must therefore be welcomed as an act of great statesmanship. It may be considered the first landmark in the gradual transformation of the arm-chair economist, for long the safe target for the wit of any man who had a restless tongue or a leaky pen, from his insular and academic helplessness into the friend, the philosopher and guide of men who mould the destinies of the nation. But for that eventual transformation, we have yet to travel a long way, and the process is conditioned by the degree of responsiveness of the administration to the suggestions made by economists.

Another factor which calls for thoughtful consideration is the relationship between economists and politicians. When Adam Smith spoke of that insidious and crafty animal vulgarly called the statesman or politician, he hit the nail on the head. There is a danger that every conceivable sort of pressure and persuasion may be made use of by unscrupulous politicians to

induce leading economists to expound truths as half-truths and half-truths as untruths in the interests of one party or another. Prominent economists may sometimes underestimate their own importance and overestimate the importance of the flitting shadows that pass over the political stage. The study of economics has taken root in India only in recent times, and our economists are practically pioneers in the field. We would prefer the pioneers of Indian economics to create a tradition no whit inferior to that left by Adam Smith, Ricardo and others whose lives remind us that great economists were also great men capable of a calm confidence, proof against the frowns and favours of men in power. But apart from their own interests, the interests of the country demand that they pursue truth unflinchingly and stand by truth fearlessly. If mischievous politicians cannot be won over by the language of sweet persuasion, economists should not hesitate to overawe them by the uncompromising majesty of naked economic truths. It is not right to think, as some of our economists think, that their views do not count as there is no sanction behind them. For, ideas correctly conceived, powerfully expressed, serving the purpose of truth, justice, and above all humanity, have a tremendous potency. As Professor Zimmern points out, in the conflict between the men of ideas and the men of power and action, though the men of ideas have sometimes lost the pitched battles they have always won the campaigns. And it is common knowledge how generations of statesmen in England, many of them men of genius, conducted the affairs of the state in consonance with the ideas expressed by that unassuming, thoughtful professor occupying the chair of moral philosophy at Glasgow, viz., Adam Smith. If our economists are to render the greatest service to the country, it is necessary that they should stand aloof from all parties and factions and exhibit an academic detachment in the expression of their views. They must not only be honest and sincere; even those who disagree with them should feel that they are sincere. In other words, like Caesar's wife they should be above suspicion.

The progress of economic science has been to some extent retarded by certain well-known defects in our educational system. For instance, the old-fashioned view still prevails that the function of the teacher is to teach and that of the student is to learn. Of course, there is something to be said for this view, but at best it is only a half-truth, or to be more correct, taking into account Newman's view on the subject, less than a half-truth. As is well recognised, the present system of education has failed to provide for the development of the creative powers of the students, and it may be added, of the teachers as well. So far as the teacher is concerned, the defect of age, of too much learning, is the tendency to think only along certain grooves. Learning at times imposes an intellectual black-out—the light being shaded can only radiate along certain directions though it be with greater intensity. Hence, like certain lawyers who getting involved in the labyrinths of legal technicalities fail to see simple justice, like reputed doctors who dealing with human suffering in varied forms, day in and day out, become sometimes callous to all human suffering, so eminent economists sometimes miss simple truths. How else can we explain the fact pointed out by Keynes that Mill, Ricardo, Marshall, Pigou and Keynes himself till 1935 failed to recognise the existence of 'involuntary unemployment' when even in Madras every graduate comes

to know of it to his cost within a year of his leaving the university? One advantage of youth, one advantage of being free from the burden of accumulated knowledge, is the spontaneous radiation of thought in all directions. In this sense children are the greatest free thinkers of the world and they sometimes astonish us by the novelty of their ideas. Young people who are comparatively free from the dominance of old ideas can set their elders free from their chains. Such a thing happened in the case of the Nehrus. The father though intellectually superior became the political disciple of the son. The claim of youth, incidentally, is not the claim of intellectual superiority, but it is the claim of better natural vision. Thus conceived, the quest for truth is a cooperative undertaking in which the freshness of outlook, the scepticism and even the comparative ignorance of the student has as much and equally vital a part to play as the experience and erudition of the professor.

Another peculiarity of most of our economists is their general abhorrence of mathematics. Mathematics gives inspiration to some, but perspiration to many. The large majority of our economists belong to the latter class. It is not a pure coincidence that with very few if notable exceptions, prominent economists have all been very proficient in mathematics. Sir C. V. Raman said in an after-dinner speech that the physicist is one who takes his ideas from the mathematician, his facts from the chemist, combines the two and wins the glory thereof. After-dinner speeches, as a rule, are characterized by a certain heaviness of the stomach and a corresponding lightness of the head. But even making allowance for some degree of natural exaggeration there is a substratum of truth in what Sir C. V. Raman said as most physicists would admit. The connection between mathematics, economics and statistics is not less intimate than that between mathematics, physics and chemistry. Hence it must be possible for the economist to take his ideas from mathematics, his facts from statistics, combine the two and win the glory thereof. Unfortunately this fruitful combination still remains mostly an ideal. In the main, the importation of mathematics into economics has not produced happy results. A good part of literary output from mathematical economists of the present day is characterized by a bewildering array of new terms which are made still more formidable by sporadic eruptions of algebraical symbols and formulæ. There are indications to show that some of our economists are getting infected with this malady. Some of them can make platitudes look very profound by a liberal use of mathematical jargon and do succeed not merely in confusing others, but sometimes in confusing themselves. At the moment the purpose of the study of mathematics is to understand correctly the vast quantity of such contributions and to separate the few grains of wheat from the vast quantity of chaff. While showing no hostility to mathematics, it is necessary to emphasize that clarity and simplicity are invaluable assets in an economist. Professor Ohlin's view sums up the position more or less correctly. '. . . . The attempts to make mathematical formulæ more and more complicated in order to bring them in closer touch with actual life and thus make them usable for the solution of economic problems have so far rarely been fruitful—*a fact that does not of course preclude a better result in the future.*' What is the reason for this failure? A. Einstein offers an explanation in his book *Geometrie Und*

Erfahrung—'In so far as the formulæ of mathematics relate to reality they are not reliable and in so far as they are reliable they do not relate to reality.' The great problem which has so far baffled the best minds in the West, the problem of making the formulæ of mathematics relate to reality without losing their reliability, would have to be solved in India if economics is to become more fruit-bearing than it is today.

This is the age of speed, the age of specialisation. Economists cannot be of much use if they attempt to be thorough with all the sections of the vast subject of economics. Each one has to specialize in some particular branch. At the same time stationed on an outpost he must not lose sight of the kingdom. Marshall was wiser than he knew when he said that an economist who knows only economics can never be a good economist. Notwithstanding the need for specialization, knowledge of many things other than economics might be required. Man will have to be studied not merely in his business aspects, but also in his non-business and unbusiness aspects. For, the economic expert cannot afford to console himself like the medical specialist saying, 'the operation was successful though the patient died'. Life must be viewed as a whole even if studied in parts. Our main object should be to solve problems and not to fail according to plan. We need not be overzealous in our respect for boundaries particularly when there is no agreement where the boundaries are.

It is now more or less clear that we cannot be fully satisfied with this science of economics which has come down to us after a voyage of 3,000 miles and more. It has not been found quite satisfactory in the West and it is not surprising it has been found less satisfactory in our own country. And yet many of our economists have been content for long to put the question 'But what can we do?' That question may sometimes make us despair of our country. But there is no need for undue pessimism. Literary critics say that a ray of sunshine lightens the snowy sepulchral sorrow of even the most touching Shakespearean tragedy. And our position is not after all so bad. To use the language of war-bulletins, 'the situation is serious, but not critical!' We notice that more and more of our economists are getting dissatisfied with our present economics. This growing dissatisfaction is itself the sure sign of an imminent change. Commenting on the birth of Ricardian Economics, Professor Haney of New York University after discussing the many problems that called for solution, observes, 'The economist can now see that the time was pregnant with a theory of distribution which assuming competition would centre round the margin of land of cultivation.' If that was so in the England of Ricardo, it is much more so in the India of today. It therefore does not require any prophetic powers to prophesy the birth of a New Economics within the next decade or two. It is so obvious. Already one can see the first streaks of the dawn. Some of our prominent economists have begun to think not merely along the tracks made by Western economists, but along independent lines. In the field of economic thought even those who have been long content with Dominion Status are now anxious to declare Independence. For instance on the 20th November 1941, Dr. Lokanathan speaking at Tambaram declared the need for a New Economic Order. Unfortunately these words have acquired a bad odour on account of

association with the philanthropic gentlemen of Berlin, Tokyo and Rome. It is therefore necessary to emphasize that by a New Economic Order Dr. Lokanathan meant something really different from the economic systems so far known. If there is to be a New Economic Order there must be a New Economics. The New Economics would be the means by which from the unsatisfactory present we proceed to realise certain desirable and well-defined ends. Indian economists would then have a sense of direction and there would be no more fretting and fuming in aimless if flashy brilliance. No doubt western economics would have to be studied carefully, but used cautiously. It is neither to be despised nor to be entirely depended upon and would serve better as an inspiring example of how resourceful minds in the West have reacted to a given situation than as an intellectual armoury containing ready-made implements fit for our use. For, the solutions to the many problems that confront us would have to be discovered not in London or Cambridge but here in India in the laboratory of our own minds.

VIJI

By M. Panchappa, *Hons. 3, Br. vii.*

I loved Viji and she loved me. But our parents were opposed to our marriage. So we decided to run away to Bombay. I was considered quite a brilliant writer by my friends; and I was sure I had much talent. I could work for some paper in Bombay and we would have a happy time together. Still I was level-headed enough to realise that a journalist's path, more than any other, was not a bed of roses. There was every probability of my making no headway in journalism at once. But I was a youth, and Viji a normal young girl; and we both were extremely hopeful. So one day we managed to catch the mail train to Bombay. Viji had slipped in some money from her father's pocket and I had managed to get some more. With this capital we two set off to lead a life, of which we knew little, in a city which we had never seen, but with a fervour we never had experienced.

A friend of mine who was working in a firm in Bombay, met us at the station. With his help we rented a nice furnished flat, which Viji simply adored. We never had the slightest fear of having to abandon it later. For, I had with me some reviews and sundry articles which I had written in my student days. The reviews were original and thorough. The tone of the articles ranged from the bitterest satire to the finest pathos. And no paper would be foolish enough to lose me.

With such thoughts Viji and I spent two days in having a look around. Those two were the happiest days for us, for they were not haunted by care or fear. Though we have had still profounder and more blissful moments together, I always, and Viji too, I think, can never forget those two days when we lived like a pair of little chirping sparrows, now here, now there, but always happy and free.

The next day I met some of the higher-ups in the press. They were all very sympathetic and promised to consider my attempts. A week passed. But I could get nothing more than words, kind at first, but rough and even cruel later. Meanwhile I had been working at some articles of popular interest. They were also rejected. Hope, my only solace, began to weaken. I saw before me a barren, rugged path with unpleasant ups and downs which would crush my spirit. Grub Street was not just pleasantly trying. It was downright depressing. The next few days, I spent in intense mental agony. And to crown all this we had to change to cheaper lodgings. Viji, all through, was extremely sympathetic and brave. Her cheerful talk, her soothing caresses and her constant love, all these held me up. They instilled new hope and courage—hope because she still believed in my work, and courage because she loved me—into my enfeebled heart.

I remember one day, when I had met with more-than-usual harshness and disappointment, I came in and threw myself on my bed. Covering my

face with a pillow I shed hot tears of despair. Viji must have seen me coming in, for she came and sat by me. Her soft little fingers caressed my hair lovingly and soothingly. I looked up and saw her kind calm face, which radiated nothing but love. I was ashamed of my own weakness. It was she who should have lost heart, and I who should have been the comforter. This thought gave me courage.

With renewed vigour I wrote on, experimenting on new styles and technic, musing over new moods and ideas, till I should chance to get at the most suitable vehicle and the most suitable product, for my genius. I thought much, I dreamt much, and I wrote much. And soon my chances visibly brightened. One by one, many of my articles were accepted. I was even taken in as a regularly-paid allround worker, a *Jack* of all trades to be handy for everything. Although I got very little, just enough for the bare necessities of life, I was glad to stand on firm ground at last. The only luxury we allowed ourselves—perhaps it is not a luxury at all—was the most ardent love for each other.

Of evenings when I came home from the office Viji would get us both some coffee; and sitting on my lap she would detail to me in an amusingly droll way, how she had engaged herself all through the day. I would tell her, while she leaned over me with her head on my shoulders, what I had done at the office. It was a mutually accepted practice that we should be each other's diary.

But now she gets tired soon, because she is with child. I remember how she first told me she was going to have a baby. As usual she was sitting on my lap. She suddenly blushed deep, hid her face on my chest and laughed gleefully. Still hiding her face she asked me to get her a book on managing babies. I raised her face and holding it drew her to me, and kissed her. I said I would bring her a whole library if she wanted.

She does not now prattle as endlessly as she used to do. She finds it a bit hard to work. I must engage a servant-girl. I shall have to go without the afternoon lunch, though. But it does not matter.

Here she comes. Her slowness of motion somehow adds to her grandeur. Her face is putting on a very rich colour. She looks very sweet, like a rose just plucked with wet hands and held close to the nose. Even now she often sits on my lap. I am sure she will do so even today. I shall pretend to be asleep. Ah! Now she is on my lap. She leans on my chest. But, what's this? She is crying. And she murmurs that she is so happy. Silly girl, to cry when she is happy! But her tears are wetting my shirt front. I feel my shirt wet on my stomach. Her murmurs continue. *And I wake up.*

My eighth child is lying on me and has wetted my shirt. And his mother Santa is screeching at the top of her voice from the kitchen that it is time I got up and had my grub, and whispering to herself—a little too audibly—how hard it is to be the wife of a lazy lout!

NOCTURNE

R. Venkateswaran, *4, B.Sc. Hons., Br. ii.*

Abend ward's und wurde Morgen
  Nimmer, nimmer stand ich still;
Aber immer bliebs' verborgen,
  Was ich suche, was ich will.—Schiller.

Now Connie darling, this is the third Sunday you are going out with Alfy, y'know. Too bad, by a long shot if you ask me. And his cheek! He was telling me, he's getting quite fond of you. I suppose a chap must now and then have his wife to himself.' 'Really, Randy, a woman must go out with somebody. And I have actually promised to go out and do things with Alfy. If you would but shave off your beastly moustache . . . And to be jealous is quite silly.'

'Constance! This is too much. I suppose a chap has the liberty to grow a moustache if he feels like it. Don't keep nagging me about it, will you?'

'But, really it looks like a smut on your face. And . . . and I must, really *must* go to Zicky's with Alfy you know.'

Randolf Winthrop was stung.

'Alfy be blowed. You and your Alfy! I like that. Carry on with him by all means.'

With a stiff upper lip Randy grabbed his hat and coat and went out slamming the door.

*   *   *   *

Once on the broad thoroughfare the bitterness of it all went out of Randy. Of course Connie was a good girl and all that. But they were rather inconsequential weren't they? these women! Connie was all right as a helpmate: she saw through the accounts, managed the household and all that. But, concerning moustaches—no! She was beastly about it. And she actually called it a smut. It rankled. Randy felt his gold-brown moustache, tenderly, lovingly. He looked like that Colman chap with his moustache, Harry had said. And he was just getting proud of it too. Girls never understand moustaches. Chocolates and cocktails are their limit. All the man in him rebelled when Connie called it a smut. No! A Winthrop would not yield to his wife. He was a man, dash it, and a little quarrel like that would never last long . . . But was it worth all this fuss? Should he give up all hopes of living comfily with Connie just because of a moustache? Was a moustache worth all this heavy weather? And she had begun to go out with Alfy just as he had begun to grow it too. Oh dash! he had never thought of that . . . And the next minute saw the polished swing doors of the Royal Shaving Saloon close behind Randy.

*   *   *   *

Carrying on! Connie sniffed contemptuously. Could a girl ever imagine such a jealous cave man! Of course, Randy had been all attention during their honeymoon, called her a glamour girl, . . . and was everything a newly married man ought to be. But somehow he had changed. People like Randy have their gusts of passion and somehow they tire of it. Randy never understood girls like her, of course. That was it. Was this all life had for her?

Was Romance then denied to her? No, *no!* She would go seeking for it. Randy was stupid. No help for that now. Really.

The whirr of the telephone made her start.

'Hello . . . Is it you, Alfy? How beautiful of you . . . I will be ready in five minutes . . . yes, call for me . . . S'long, darling.'

* * * *

In spite of the blackout and lighting restrictions Isaac Schwertz's night-club was still a palace of light and mirth and song. The greasy Austrian—American Jew, called by an admiring clientele of rich and rather fat-headed young men and women 'Zicky darling' was getting richer and greasier. His night club was exclusive and there was no nonsense about it. *His* guests were of the right sort and he was prosperous. And so he beamed. A glow of unctious self-complacence irradiated from him and you easily fell an easy victim to his officious, old world courtesy. Little tiffs owing to young men and women getting a bit tipsy were of course inevitable. But Zicky darling, was too tactful to let anything serious happen. Young people *will* be young people and that is that. That was what Zicky was telling himself rubbing his oily hands against each other when Connie gave a big yawn and stretched herself. She hated herself just now. She hated Alfy, the club, the people in it, everything. How beastly of Alfy to booze like that! And he couldn't carry his liquor too. It made her sick to see him grovelling like that, sprawling like an inert log. And she had had too many double whiskies. Just think of the horror of it. Thank God! Liquor didn't make *her* grovel. Still it was bad, *really* bad.

A gleam of joy came to her eyes when she saw a well-dressed and good-looking man come towards her. And he actually had no moustache! That was simply glorious! How enchanting he looked with his well-tied black bow and snow-white shirt front! She was mildly surprised when he addressed her familiarly enough as Connie.

'Have a quick one, Connie.'

'Not, er, just now, thanks.' Perhaps he was somebody she had been intimate with before, but just now she felt muzzy and couldn't place him.

'Shall we dance then?'

It was thrilling to be held in a strong man's arms like that. She liked everything about him. O! what a way he had with women—unlike Randy! Romance had come to her; that was what mattered. And somehow, she didn't feel like asking his name. It might hurt him.

That waltz was tremendous. She felt swept off her feet. Alfy didn't matter. Neither did Randy. Nothing mattered.

* * * *

A clock struck three somewhere in the deep darkness. The chill wind blew against their faces as they stood out in front of Zicky's.

'I shall take you home' he murmured. Taxi!

In the cosy darkness of the taxi, Connie felt warm and cheerful. With a sigh she sank into his outstretched arms in silent ecstasy; and their lips met.

They stood up with a start when the taxi stopped before her door.

'Good night, Connie!' he called out in the darkness.

'Good night, darling.'

* * * *

Randy Winthrop was waiting for his wife to join him at breakfast. He was quite satisfied with himself for having shaved off his moustache. What a fool he was not to have seen that a girl like Connie knew what was right and what not! Of course the moustache disfigured him rather. Glad, he had it shaved off anyhow. What did a moustache matter where girls like Connie were concerned? She was a brick. How nice she had been last night! Somehow he felt he was only really married last night. Of course, she had looked a bit queer, that was due to Zicky's awful place. What a lad Alfy was to leave her like that, the drunken pot . . . Well Connie had changed! She appreciated his taking off the dashed growth on his upper lip. She had even called him 'darling', which word she had dropped for quite a long time.

Connie came tripping down the stairs with a song on her lips. Ah, she felt transformed. She had met her knight-errant and Life would once more mean something.

'Connie, darling, how late you are!'

Connie stared at him, aghast, as if she had suddenly gone stupid.

'Then was it *you*—?'

'What . . .'

'O, nothing'.

And she sobbed on his shoulders.

HAVE YOU A BALANCED MIND?

BY MISS INDIRA HENSMAN, *Hons. 4, Branch iv.*

Have you a balanced mind—'a mind necessary for discovering the golden mean, the safe middle course between opposing tendencies?' I wonder! No, please do not be annoyed. My question was by no means an attempt at being funny or frivolous. I posed the query simply because in spite of optimistic scientists and mathematicians, it is highly doubtful whether any machinery can be devised which will enable us to strike the balance in the trivialities of every-day life; at least, so long as human nature remains what it is.

I am not a clairvoyant, but I can tell you one thing about yourself without the slightest hesitation; *at some time in your life you have displayed mental unbalance.* This sounds rather clever, doesn't it? To be quite candid, though, I know I am treading on fairly safe ground, for no healthy person can at times resist the urge to rush head-long into action, to adopt opinions and come to decisions without thinking, and to be swayed by sentiment and passion.

It is surprising but true that there are some people who do not find it entirely necessary to read the news in order to form an opinion on the events

The Principal and the Wardens under X-Ray

[Mamman Mappilai]

of the day. Among their other services, the newspapers supply opinions. There are leading articles condemning this and supporting that with a freedom and vigour that seem very refreshing after our own halting and doubtful efforts at making up our. minds. We no longer trouble to skim the head-lines, but when anybody asks for our opinion on some important question, we reply with glib conviction—'Well, the *Daily Mail* says that—.' Do you realise what this means? This means that hundreds of thousands of people think just what the Editor of the *Daily Mail* wants them to think. In extreme cases, placards bearing alarming predictions can frighten a nation into hasty and unjust actions which it will afterwards regret. The whole world may be set on fire by the flame from a piece of newspaper. Terrible! And why? Simply because some people will not, or perhaps cannot, refrain from adopting ready-made opinions and, what is worse, from acting upon them.

But setting aside politics and journalism, I wonder if you have noticed the effect that various circumstances and events have on certain types of women. It is amazing how an ordinary scene from 'Blood and Sand' or 'Mrs. Miniver' can call forth buckets of tears from one type; how the usual thrills from the 'Frankenstein' pictures can make another type faint or create more dramatic situations; how the successes of sons and daughters in the sporting field can precipitate yet another type into hysterics or an undue display of jubilation; and how, in the midst of a large gathering and oblivious of the people around her, an extremely temperamental woman can embarrass her husband, by throwing her arms around the neck of an old school-fellow whom she has not met for years, and pour out voluble and absurd greetings of which she and her type alone are capable! Talk of the balanced mind!

Again, why is it you can knock some men down with a feather when they see a pretty girl pass by? Is it absolutely necessary for them to turn round half-a-dozen times till she is out of sight, or stare at her incessantly if she happens to be anywhere near them? The point in my asking these questions is well brought out in a joke which appeared in *The Hindu* some time ago. Two ladies were discussing the Smith family.

Said the first—'It took Mrs. Smith twenty-five years to make her son a man.'

Said the second—'Indeed? It took her neighbour's daughter five minutes to make him a fool!'

But what is simply breath-taking about mental unbalance is the way the so-called men and women of intellect jump to conclusions. A certain gentleman related the incident of how his wife and he planned to have a dinner party on the occasion of their son's first birthday. They sat down one morning in order to decide whom to invite and whom to leave out. It was a trying and boring business for the gentleman, and every name that he suggested was promptly turned down by his wife. At last he said 'How about the what-d'you-call 'ems? He's a rum old bird and she's a peach.' His wife replied—'Of course I haven't the *least* idea to whom you're referring, but if it's the M...........s, not on your life. She's the most insulting woman in Madras. Why, she told me to my *face*'...........and so on a long string of complaints against the M...........s, and it took him full five minutes to convince her that he was *not* referring to the M...........s.

This tendency of jumping to conclusions, which is inherent in human nature, has resulted in a practice of universal application—the pastime of gossiping. 'Have you heard the latest?' or 'My dear, just wait until you hear............'. Either of these sentences will draw instant attention anywhere. A bit of gossip is about to be divulged and most of us, if we are human, gather about eagerly. Why is it almost impossible for us to say 'Oh shucks! I don't believe it.' Where is our balanced mind? Mrs. Nina Wilcox Putnam, herself a victim of malicious and untrue gossip, tells the story of Mr. J and Mrs. Z, two people who lived in her village. She says 'Here is a story of Mr. J. running away with Mrs. Z, and how their respective spouses forgave them and took them back. I had believed this when I first heard it, but investigation turned up quite another tale. Mrs. Z's mother was suddenly taken ill in a small inaccessible backwoods town. Mrs. Z's car was out of order, and Mr. Z was desperately busy handling a vital deal. Mrs. J had a sick baby which she could not leave, but she gave full consent to Mr, J's driving Mrs. Z to her mother's bedside. It is perfectly true they were gone a day or two and received with open arms when they returned. And why not? And why didn't the village tell this version? An idle drunk saw the two drive off at dusk in evident haste, retailed the fact at the nearest bar, and by morning the damage was done.' Mrs. Putnam sums up her painful dealings with gossip-mongers thus—'The lesson which we have gained from our experience with gossip is to believe only what we see and know of our own knowledge. We should never say anything unless we can say some good, and be gossips who are sponsors, neighbours, or friends.'

A rather comic aspect of mental unbalance is seen in a trait common to both men and women—the tendency to 'chop and change'. Whether men or women are more guilty of this charge is a matter open to question. Men have scornfully termed the fair sex 'irrational creatures who do not know their own minds', and the fair sex, on their part, have not been too complimentary either. In any case, whatever be the truth in this matter, the fact remains that men and women have, without any exception, and at some time or the other, displayed this form of mental unbalance. Take some girls to see a film like 'Broadway Melody of 1936' and they will be in raptures over 'darling Robert Taylor's face and hair and what-not!' The next week take them to see 'Gone with the Wind,' and they will be completely 'gone', (to use populars language), on Clark Gable. What is inexplicable in all this is how they can rave about Robert Taylor at one time and Clark Gable at another—the first an absolute 'Sissy' and the second a regular 'he-man!'

Men are no better. They will either persuade or coerce their wives into learning a dish with a long, foreign-sounding name, which they declare to be their favourite and of which they can *never* get tired. Yet, when the wives—always ready to oblige—have the dish for dinner three nights a week, thinking, of course, of their husbands' preferences, the husbands are far from grateful, and all that the wives get for their trouble are mild rebukes such as 'My dear, did we not have "Oeuf à la coque" only two nights ago!?'

Such is human nature and such will it continue to be. Do you still wonder that I inquired whether you had a balanced mind? I ask you!

THE LOVE DIVINE

R. S. AMIRTHARAJ, *B.A.* (*Hons.*)

Who art thou, O wandering maiden, that hast come to my door with a lamp at this time of the night? The cloudy nights in August are dark; the sky is soft blue in the Autumn; the flowers of the garden are restless with the south-west wind. Art thou weary and lonely? Come and live with me and be my love.

My friends ask me why there is madness in my eyes; I am at a loss to answer them; dost thou, too, see the madness in my eyes? I am mad because I love thee. Wilt thou come and live with me and be my love?

If thou couldst only raise thy loving eyes to my face it would make my life sweet beyond death. Even if there be only cruel glances I will keep them though they pierce my heart. My beloved, my heart melts away with a tear and a song. Come and live with me and be my love.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light? Dost thou not circulate through all my veins, mingle with life and form my very soul? If thou wouldst taste love, drink of the pure stream that youth pours forth at thy feet. Wait not till it has become a muddy river before thou stoopest to its waves. Come and live with me and be my love.

Thou hast been the very object of my daily worship; the goddess of my idolatry, the pulse of my deathless soul and the constant companion of my lonesome walks. Thou art ever the Queen of the kingdom whose limits thou dost not know; thou art the melody of my song, the angel of my delight and the darling of my desire, and the bright Venus in the sky of my dreams. Wilt thou not come and live with me and be my love?

Day and night have I been longing for this meeting, my beloved. Take everything that I possess; break open my heart and find there in its utter nakedness the sincerity of my love written in letters of blood. In the devastation of the world, let us become one in Beauty.

Where is this hope for Union except in Thee, O God of my Salvation? And who else can satisfy the want of my thirsty soul except Thee, my God?

GORA—A SIMPLE TALE

BY K. T. RAMAKRISHNA, *Hons. 4, Br. iv.*

The mists clear and a shadow seems to trail behind me, long across my past, that time has not dimmed nor flight of years effaced from my path through life, as I sit this summer evening, my day's work done . . .

Gora, and those wistful eyes of hers, wistful like clouds in the moonlight or the murmur of waters, lingering upon the green and gold of the foliage as the last mellow rays of the sun played upon it, or her gaze bent up at the twilight sky or her glances darting behind a bird, they all come back to me as the stars that start into view one by one out of the gathering dusk.

Gora, remarkably pretty, the beautiful witch, as my old grandfather used to call her, with her large black eyes that shone with a sudden light

that was a sight to see, and her black tresses like a raven's plumes, streaming in the breeze, which made her look like a nymph, as I used to tell her upon which she asked me to tell all about the nymphs and I told her that they were very ugly creatures which brought the colour into her cheeks and her black eyes gleamed and it was as much as I could do to pacify little Gora; and those dimples on her cheeks that made her laugh so cheerful that one was reminded of sunshine, blue skies and flowers in blossom—all that makes a summer's day warm and bright and fine. I see Gora's nimble little figure darting upon the rocks like a milk-white mountain lamb and hear Gora's little voice in sprightly chatter this day again, and her merry laughter rings in my ears like some distant voice hailing from the past.

A wild day, bitterly cold, and the wind wailing among the pines like a mournful monster. Gora leaves with her parents for the south country. I go to see her off, taking a shell necklace with me which I had bought at our village fair, as a parting present for Gora. I try to look into her face but my eyes wander away and I try to tell Gora how much I love her but my voice is choked and I turn away to hide my tears.

In the agony of my poor heart I forget to give the necklace to Gora. I have it still with me.

* * * *

Years have rolled by. And when I meet Gora again that frosty evening she has the look of some cage-bird that has lost its gay colour and forgotten its song, a faded drooping flower. That old laugh in her eyes and the bloom in her cheek are gone. Her voice too, when she speaks to me has lost all that music of her childhood, and makes me feel sorry for her.

Her husband is a prisoner of war they said . . . It would have broken her tender heart to know that he was no more.

* * * *

More years have rolled by. I see Gora an old woman still youthful in her age and retaining some reminiscences of her old beauty, her silver grey hair glossy and fine, as of old, and her eyes with the subdued serenity of the sunset and her calm smooth brow.

You might have seen her frail, bent figure at break of day every morning treading along the grass-grown foot-path that skirts along the stream towards the temple in the valley, 'to pray for her poor man who loved her, and he would come back to her, she knew'; or, tending her little flock of those poor innocent lambs as she loved to call the children, and the good shepherdess was never tired of telling them stories about Kanayya and his comely maidens, as they went about the woods gathering flowers; or the sad tale of Seetha, round the wood-fire in the winter evenings when the distant tinkling of the sheep bells and the carols of the shepherd boys back from their mountain pastures came softened upon the wind. And at these moments her eyes would moisten and shine as with the light of a bright star shining upon her through the encircling gloom and a faint murmur of a whisper seemed to echo her anguished soul: 'He will come. He loved me. I know he will come.'

* * * *

One fine spring day when the birds were singing and the trees were in leaf and the corn bright in the fields, with her lambs about her, like a baby in sleep, smiling beautifully, Gora died. Her last words were, 'I could not see him,' and tears started in her eyes but she quickly brushed them away, 'He loved me. I know he will come.'

The birds hushed their song, the corn sighed in the fields, the day darkened into night.

* * * *

The mists gather again and the shadow lengthens.

ABANDONED

BY V. DWARAKNATH REDDY, *Class IV B.Sc.*

Kumar fell heavily into his chair, with sunken cheeks, rolling eyes, pale features, and the shadow of grief in them. On the table lay his diary. He picked it up, opened a page .... 'I said to her, "I am sorry. It is better you know it even now. I have no love or liking for you." I could not sleep. Throughout the night I heard her sobbing ....'

The book dropped from his hands. A frantic look made him terrifying to behold. He tore his hair in a frenzy and murmured miserably 'Kamala, Kamala, where are you? Will you forgive me? . . . oh God . . oh God . .'

Then he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Year after year slipped back as the curtain was lifted. The dead past rose like a bed of needles, and he lay on it . . . wriggling . . . bleeding . . .

Kumar loved Leela. He wanted to marry her. He always thought of her as the rose he would wear in his heart.

But his father wished to see him married to Kamala, and one day he said 'My son, you are grown up now. I desire that you should gladden my last days by wedding Kamala. She is worthy of you. A better one there is not.' To which Kumar earnestly said 'Father, to please you is my greatest pleasure. Yet pardon me, I cannot marry her.'

Often and again the topic was raised. Pleading at times, angry at others, now advising, now rebuking, ordering, threatening, kidding, then cursing, his father succeeded in driving the iron home in a weak moment, obtained his consent, however reluctantly, and walked away with a smile, well pleased that he had saved his son from distress and ensured his life-long happiness.

A day was fixed and Kumar wedded Kamala.

And then the night came.

He started out of a reverie when he entered the bed-room with all its finery. His head reeled, his thoughts flickered. He seemed to wake up from sleep. And all the dislike flared up. Reminded of their closeness his hatred swelled in his breast. He decided impulsively.

Kamala came in and stood aside, shy and silent. A minute stole away. Then the voice of her husband blew into her ears the words of doom on the booming trumpet of Fate, 'I am sorry. It is better you know even now that I have no liking or love for you.' He could speak no more. Pity and pain pierced his poor heart. He dared not look up. With bent head he sat listening, fearing. But no question was asked. All was silence, darkness. He sought the soothing softness of his bed.

He could not sleep. As he lay awake, the sound of stifled sobs stole to his heart across the room.

Kumar was no longer the buoyant soul that greeted life with a pair of beaming eyes and smiled at time. He looked like the chosen son of Sorrow.

One day he had to visit the town of his student days—the town where Leela lived. In the evening he called upon her. Could that be Leela standing in the door-way? Her hair loose and unattended over her forehead and shoulders. She wore no jewelry, no flowers, not even the caste-mark that adorns the face of every Indian girl.

She ran in when she saw him across the road. He found her in a chair, sobbing bitterly, with her face buried in her hands. Approaching her he asked tenderly, 'What is the matter, Leela?' 'How can you ask so coolly, Kumar? How can you? Like this have I spent restless days and sleepless nights ever since you abandoned me. Look at me, I sit sighing here. Father and Mother wanted me to go out with them, but I stayed off with some lies. And why? Only to hide my pain lonely and loveless.' She stopped and looked up at him. 'Tell me, Kumar, can Love be so untrue to itself?'

His gaze fell. His heart lay shattered on the softness of her eyes. All the love that was, and was lost, sprang in him like a mad flame that consumed him. He seized her in his arms and embraced her with the full vigour of his ecstatic desire and pent-up longing; As she struggled half-willingly and weakly, thoughtless of Faith or Propriety, she heard words that she hardly understood, words that set her blood racing, her pulses throbbing . . . for a voice was murmuring: 'I do not like her. I was forced to wed her. I will marry again. I will marry you, for I love you, you alone.' . . . And she nestled closer.

When he told Kamala he would marry again, she accepted it with the same silent resignation which had become her attitude to life. Not a word, not a sigh, not a look. She listened, not seeming to listen.

A day was fixed and Kumar wedded—Leela.

Being now a member of the family, Leela soon saw how matters stood, and her heart went out in guilty pity for Kamala, and out of that pity was born love. But nothing could touch her. Her deadened heart was insensible alike to the warmth of affection and the chillness of disregard. She spoke rarely, told little and asked less. None saw her smile. Few heard her sob. She flitted like a shadow . . . that ignorant hands vainly hoped to hold.

A year passed by. Leela gave birth to a daughter.

Kamala, in the still solitude of her bed-room, clutched her pillow to her bosom and wept till kind sleep closed her eyes.

Three more years. Prema, the pretty child, grew up to love 'auntie' more than any one else; because Kamala—'auntie'—caressed and cared for her greatly. And great must it be when all the infinite love that Woman is capable of is centred round a child. Kumar often saw her clasp the child close and kiss her. Indeed, Prema had succeeded in throwing a feeble ray into the darkness of her life. True to her 'duty' the duty of an Indian wife as she had been given to understand, she remained faithful through her pain. Prema was her daughter, the life within her life, the jewel of which she had been robbed. She would catch her hands while alone, and ask to be called 'Ma'; and when the child complied laughingly and gladly, would kiss her through tears. Once Kumar heard her say to Prema: 'God willing, you would have really been my own.' He turned in his steps and slipped away.

Kamala had gone to her mother. First she had bowed at her husband's feet. Warm tears had fallen on him as she hastily turned her face aside. Then she had bid Leela farewell. Finally, she had kissed Prema, set her down, and slowly departed. To Prema's kind query as to the day of her return, she had replied, 'Some day, my child.'

She had ceased to show her sorrow outside, so her tears surprised him. Also a sudden sense of compassion swept his sullen soul. His heart grew heavy within him. His eyes became wet. A fervour shook his silent frame. Something like love for the one he had let lie loveless so long came to him. Then he shook his head. 'It is too late, too late. It cannot be love . . . no, not now.'

That night, as on the first night of his wedded life, he lay awake and heard sighs. But the sighs were his own . . .

Two days he spent, pining in repentance, telling himself that he would make it up to her. And on the third, he was summoned by urgent wire to Kamala's home. He went in haste. His heart trembled with misgivings.

None greeted him at the door. He rushed in. The air was heavy to breathe. He could hardly stand. Then his mother-in-law appeared. Her eyes were swollen with weeping. Swaying and staggering, he moved into a room on a pair of stumbling feet.

With a cry he found Kamala—dead. There was a smile on her lips. There were tears on her eye-lids. Did she die weeping for her Fate? Did she die smiling at her release? Who could say? None knew the cause of her death, none but her poor heart. A sigh and a smile had she thrown into the land of Life to baffle worldly minds . . . and gone.

Kumar struggled out of the bottom of endless thoughts into which he had fallen, and started to go . . . somewhere, anywhere. But at the door Prema stopped him. 'Tell me,' she chirped fondly, 'it is so long since Auntie left us. Where is she?' Then it seemed to him that Kamala had hidden herself in that child's heart, where his own cruelty could not reach her. Then he thought he knew the meaning of that tear-tainted joy on Kamala's dead face. Her last thought was for Prema—the sigh to lose her, the smile to win her.

Yes, where was she? Only in your heart, my child!

TOLSTOI'S *WAR AND PEACE*

Last winter in Great Britain, it seems, there was a kind of boom in the famous novel by Count Leo Tolstoi, *War and Peace.* For a generation or more the critics have been proclaiming that it is beyond question the greatest novel in the world; and when war broke out again, openly and on a large scale, in 1939, they began saying so more often than before. There was one who recommended everybody to read Tolstoi's *War and Peace,* and Hardy's *The Dynasts,* once a year at least as often as there is a war. But recently the book has come to be known, or at least to be talked about, more widely than ever before. Alexander Korda, I think, announced that he was going to film it, and a dozen famous authors composed a joint letter of protest to *The Times,* declaring that the thing could not be done and should not be tried. Then the B.B.C. broadcast several hour-long extracts, suitably adapted. And last December the Oxford Press and Macmillan's pooled their resources to bring out a new edition in one volume. It is a large, solidly-printed book, well produced, of nearly 1,400 pages. The translation is Aylmer Maude's, the standard one. Some new matter is added: a second epilogue on the philosophy of history, very long and tiresome; a few more editorial notes; a new introduction (we miss the old World's Classics one); several maps and plans of battle, clear and relevant; chapter-headings (very useful in the labyrinth); and best of all a book-mark with a list of the most important characters (a mere forty-five of them) arranged by families. We would have liked an index of characters, but much labour and many pages would be needed for that. From the lay-out of the page and from the many misprints we gather that Macmillan's did the printing. The Oxford Press have contributed the copyright, and perhaps some of the paper. This great book costs only 12*sh.* 6*d.*, and it is surprisingly easy to handle. A large edition was sold out before publication; and the publishers announced that it would be months before they could save up paper enough for a second.

I

The reason for the boom is that the second half of the book deals with Napoleon's Moscow campaign of 1812, which in many ways is parallel to Hitler's Russian campaign of 1941 and especially to his great thrust at Moscow in 1941–42. Napoleon with threats, lies and promises not unlike his successor's, invaded Russia on June 24, 1812. The Russian army, ill-equipped and ill-led, fell back before him. Smolensk was abandoned in August. Everywhere cities and crops were burnt: the earth was scorched. The names that became too familiar to us in the autumn of 1941, Vyasma, Gzhatsk, Mozhaysk, were all in the news then. The great battle was at Borodino, on September 7th: both armies suffered terrible losses, but the Russians retired, and within a week had abandoned Moscow. Napoleon settled in the Kremlin. A few days later, most of the city was burnt to the ground, the Russian army had vanished, and within a month Napoleon left

Moscow, so hurriedly that he had no time to carry out his threat that he would blow up the Kremlin. He retired with all speed along the road he had come by. The terrible Russian winter had set in, and his army melted away, frozen to death or knifed by guerillas at their camp-fires at night. There was no large-scale fighting. The pitiful remnants of the greatest army in the world escaped out of Russia at the end of November.

It is one of the very dramatic chapters in world-history, and Tolstoi re-writes it with extraordinary success, pausing now and then to discuss the progress of events as a whole or to point a moral, but usually confining himself to the things seen, heard, and suffered by the people in his story. The Russian Council of War after Borodino is shown to us entirely through the eyes of the little daughter of the peasant's cottage in which it is held, and somehow one sees the issues at stake and the forces at work far more clearly than if they were laid out in the usual way.

But the immediate interest of it all is Tolstoi's doctrine of patriotism. 'Tolstoi was a soldier and aristocrat,' wrote V. S. Pritchett in *Picture Post* (30th Jan. 1943), 'who had fought in the Crimea, and he saw war with that mixture of zest, scepticism, and disgust which are common to the experienced soldier. But on one point, the resurgence of the national spirit, he shows no scepticism. The word Russia beats like a heart under his words.' This was 'a people's war'—was Tolstoi the first to use the phrase? Napoleon was beaten and broken, not by clever plans, or well drilled troops, or weight of armour, but by the spirit of the common Russian soldier and of the people behind him. And this spirit showed itself, not in lofty ideas or well-planned movements, but by a multitude of unnoticed instinctive actions by hosts of ordinary people. The civilians who quietly withdrew from Moscow as the French approached it 'did so from that latent patriotism which expresses itself not by phrases or by giving one's children to save the fatherland, and by similar unnatural exploits, but unobtrusively, simply, organically, and therefore in the way that always produces the most powerful results' (p. 920). The mass of a moving body becomes mass multiplied by momentum: and the mass of an army actuated by 'latent patriotism' becomes mass multiplied by x.

The hero of the second half of the book is the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Kutuzov, an old ridiculous man, fat and undignified, with some scandalous vices and no virtues—except that in some obscure and confused way he has his finger on the pulse of the nation's heart. When the invasion begins he has been retired in disgrace, but everybody knows that somehow he represents Russia and that he must stand at the head. He continues to behave ridiculously. When things go wrong his face turns purple and he bellows abuse at a staff-officer, 'not because that officer was to blame for the mistake, but because he was an object of sufficient importance for [Kutuzov] to vent his wrath on' (p. 1098). At important Councils of War he generally falls asleep. He does not rely on clever plans, and he does not try to manage things: his sole desire is to understand the forces really at work beneath the surface, and to work along with them as much as the too-patriotic court and his too-clever generals will allow. A general submits a brilliant tactical plan to his approval. 'What the general was saying was clever and to the point, but it was evident that Kutuzov despised knowledge and cleverness, and knew

of something else that would decide the matter—something independent of cleverness and knowledge' (p. 821). His men came to have infinite confidence in him, believing that 'he will not hinder anything useful nor allow anything harmful' (p. 824). In a detached summing-up Tolstoi describes Kutuzov as one 'of those rare and always solitary individuals who discerning the will of Providence submit their personal will to it. The hatred and contempt of the crowd punishes such men for discerning the higher laws' (p. 1197). But Tolstoi's genius is shown in the way in which the true greatness of Kutuzov is borne in upon us bit by bit as we see him meeting the tasks and dangers and annoyances of one day after another.

II

When Tolstoi puts his ideas about history into dramatic form he is interesting and convincing. But unhappily he also discusses them in the abstract at great length, abandoning his story time and again to argue about what it is that really causes things to happen. The discussions are often vague and full of repetition; in fact the man is nagging, that is he talks on not to achieve a definite object but just to relieve his own feelings. Something had ruffled him. I have not been able to find out whether he had read Carlyle's *Hero-worship*, which had been published twenty years before; the romantic and truculent adulation of great men would be calculated to upset him. Perhaps his bugbear is just the airy superficial generalisations of conventional history-books, which assign definite causes to every event, rank great men like tennis players, and tell us exactly what everyone ought to have done at any particular moment. When things turn out in a particular way by chance, then a genius takes charge and orders all things according to his own will. He has no patience with the words chance and genius and cause. Don't look for causes in history, he says: look for laws. Tolstoi's main point is sound and simple: that all human events are extremely complicated, most of their bulk (as with ice bergs) being hidden, and that the people actually involved in any event are subject to pressure on all sides of forces and personalities, and their freedom limited in all sorts of ways. But he tends to spoil his purpose by going on too long, by exaggerating, and by repeating himself. He seriously argues that the higher a man's position, in army or Government, the less his influence on the course of events.

A king or any important man is 'history's slave'; he is not leading the mob, he is being pushed forward by them helplessly. (This is how the first chapter of the second half begins.) 'When an apple has ripened and falls, why does it fall? Because of its attraction to the earth, because its stalk withers, because it is dried by the sun, because it grows heavier, because the wind shakes it, or because the boy standing below wants to eat it?' (p. 666.) The general who wins a great victory, Tolstoi implies, is as important as the boy watching the apple. 'In historic events the so-called great men are labels giving names to events, and like labels they have but the smallest connexion with the event itself' (p. 667). And he argues, not only that a man may be successful without any good qualities, but that a man with good qualities cannot be successful. 'Not only does a good army commander not need any special qualities, on the contrary he needs the

absence of the highest and best human attributes—love, poetry, tenderness, and philosophic enquiring doubt. He should be limited, firmly convinced that what he is doing is very important (otherwise he will not have sufficient patience), and only then will he be a brave leader' (p. 709). Such paradoxes are contradicted by Tolstoi's own presentation of his beloved Kutuzov: though they are partly borne out by a delightful little portrait, far on in the book (p. 1124), of a minor general called Dokhturov. Nobody ever thought of praising Dokhturov; but if you study the records you always find him doing something useful where it is needed, like a football-player whom the crowd never notices just because he is always where he ought to be. 'It is natural for a man who does not understand the workings of a machine to imagine that a shaving that has fallen into it by chance and is interfering with its action and tossing about in it, is its most important part. The man who does not understand the construction of the machine cannot conceive that the small connecting cogwheel which revolves quietly is one of the most essential parts of the machine, and not the shaving which merely harms and hinders the working' (p. 1125).

III

Tolstoi's fad about great men misleads him into his greatest mistake in this book, his long-drawn-out belittling of Napoleon. When he writes with restraint he can be effective. There is a delicious episode when Napoleon meets the Russian Emperor Alexander at Tilsit in 1807. Napoleon suddenly decides that it would make a good impression if he presented the Cross of the Legion of Honour to a typical Russian soldier. With a little difficulty an embarrassed private called Lazarev is brought forward. 'Napoleon merely laid the cross on Lazarev's breast and, dropping his hand, turned towards Alexander as though sure that the cross would adhere there. And it really did' (p. 448).

But too often his restraint abandons him and the impartiality of the story teller is lost. And his Napoleon is incredible. He recounts vividly a very strange episode. When Napoleon, in June 1812, ordered his army to cross the River Niemen into Russia, a regiment of Polish Uhlans suddenly took it into their heads to cross it where they were, within sight of Napoleon himself, instead of going a few miles round by a good ford: they wanted to show their devotion. Many of them were drowned. While this was going on Napoleon walked up and down with a general, 'giving him instructions and occasionally glancing disapprovingly at the drowning Uhlans who distracted his attention' (p. 670). Tolstoi evidently disliked hero-worship as much as heroes, and does not try to account for men adoring a leader so much that they rejoice to die for him, even quite uselessly: though he can show such adoration clearly and beautifully when it is one of his young Russian officers swept away by personal love for Alexander.

One would have expected Tolstoi to exploit to the full the strange power and glamour of Napoleon, so as to bring out the glory of the Russian defeat of him; but instead he jibes and sneers at him till it becomes tiresome and a little disgusting. His task is easy when he comes to that eerie month of Napoleon's in Moscow, the brilliant world-conqueror gradually losing

self-confidence and finally running away in a panic. In good times he gave orders which were obeyed because he was carried along on a tide of circumstances which he did not understand; but now his orders were 'like the hands of a clock detached from the mechanism swung about in an arbitrary and aimless way without engaging the cogwheels' (p. 1109). But in the final summing up Tolstoi writes almost hysterically. Napoleon's so-called greatness, we are told, was simply due to his 'dazzling and self-confident limitations' (p. 1250). The 'ideal of *glory* and *grandeur* . . . consists not merely in considering nothing wrong that one does, but in priding oneself on every crime one commits, ascribing to it an incomprehensible supernatural significance' (p. 1251). Tolstoi's Napoleon is a mountebank not only without a conscience but practically without a brain. One can only conclude that something had given Tolstoi a spite at Napoleon, and he let it run away with him. After all Shakespeare did something very like this with Caesar, and with the Greek heroes of the Trojan War in *Troilus and Cressida.*

IV

There are plenty of things in *War and Peace* besides the story, but the story is beyond comparison the real strength of the book. It is a story of real things (so they seem) happening to real people. The characters are most of them princes and counts, though there are a few unforgettable peasants, and they lived in a strange country over a century ago. Occasionally there is something foreign in the scene, which gives one a shock. Especially dirt. It seems that these princes and princesses wash their feet and their ears only for grand occasions like a court ball. When a soldier offers soup to a hungry stranger, he cleans the spoon by licking it. A count who is taken prisoner of war becomes lousy, and far from minding it is grateful for the warmth. And everywhere there are serfs or slaves and they are always being beaten. An old prince raises his stick to beat a favourite serf who has annoyed him; the serf shrinks away out of reach, but immediately comes cringing forward, offering his back to the stick and grinning apologetically for his act of insubordination. But touches like these seem strange because as a rule we feel so such at home.

Not perhaps at first. My own experience is that the book is fascinating from the first, but hazy and bewildering until a third reading. There are a great many characters, a hundred important ones at least, probably hundreds of others; and a minor difficulty is that each of them has several names—a title, a patronymic, a family name, and a Christian name which may be raised to an honorific form or dropped to a diminutive. And more than in any other book I know, the characters seem to live a life of their own. The writer chooses to show the reader a glimpse here and there, but both are intruders into a world that exists independently of them. The reader is bewildered at first, like a young student new come to college, feeling very lonely among busy happy people who pay no attention to him, and sometimes almost wondering whether he exists at all. In *War and Peace* the characters seem to be real, and the reader and his environment to be fiction, and rather dull fiction. There is no beginning to the story. The book opens with everyone so to speak already in full stride. There is no end to it: the last pages describe a nightmare of a boy who has hardly been mentioned hitherto.

It is a wonderfully varied world, and little irrelevant scenes are as vivid as the main ones. All sorts of people become familiar and understandable—children ecstatically happy, drivelling old dotards, brainless madcap young officers, shy young girls, inarticulate peasants, soldiers mad with blood-lust or paralysed by fright. There is a drunken frolic of young men, which ends with their tying a policeman to a bear and throwing both into a river; and the reader feels as if he were taking part and thoroughly enjoying it (I. iii). We are at a court ball and see it entirely through the eyes and the feelings of a girl who has never been at another, and seems to herself to be in fairy-land. We sit by a camp-fire on active service, occupied by the coarse healthy chat of the soldiers (XV. iii). We hear a middle-aged married couple talking at random; what they say seems quite disconnected, but we understand that each is answering not the words spoken but the thoughts behind them (Epilogue I. iv.)

Here is the mother of the chief heroine at the end of the book. 'She had to eat, sleep, think, speak, look, work, give vent to her anger, and so on, merely because she had a stomach, a brain, muscles, nerves, and a liver. She did these things not under any external impulse as people in the full vigour of life do, when behind the aim for which they strive the other aim of exercising their functions remains unnoticed. She talked only because she physically needed to exercise her tongue and lungs. She cried, as a child does, because her nose had to be cleared, and so on' (p. 1283). In such passages Tolstoi seems pitiless, till one sees that he has not the pity which makes a man turn away, but the pity that makes him look close and steadily till he understands. So when the heroine's fiancé dies, after a long and painful illness, we can read that her 'thin pale face, with its swollen lips, was more than plain—it was dreadful' (p. 1017), without losing any of our sympathy with her.

Quite superfluously, Tolstoi pauses for a word or two about a promising young diplomatist, Bilibin. 'He worked equally well whatever the import of his work. It was not the question "What for?" but the question "How?" that interested him. What the diplomatic matter might be he did not care, but it gave him great pleasure to prepare a circular, memorandum, or report skilfully, pointedly, and elegantly' (p. 163).

Then there are the portraits of soldiers in battle, or between battles. Nobody can get used to danger, says Tolstoi; the good soldier is the one who 'learns how to manage his thoughts when in danger' (p. 716), or the one to whom danger is excitement and joy. General Bagration's face, at the beginning of a battle, 'expressed the concentrated and happy resolution you see on the face of a man who on a hot day takes a final run before plunging into the water' (p. 194). There are no such battle-scenes anywhere: quietly, without an effort, and as if sceptically, Tolstoi lays before us the political issues involved, the state and spirit of the two armies, the strategy and tactics involved, and the actual appearance and feelings of the people in it, from general to private.

It is the book as a whole that interests us so deeply. The extraordinary vividness of speech and action gives the impression that the writing is spontaneous; Tolstoi is not inventing, or even judging and choosing: he repeats some words, or describes some action, as if suddenly recalling something seen or

heard. When one is half asleep some past experience may suddenly rise up and pass through one's consciousness without any effort and very vividly. That is how things happen in Tolstoi. To quote V. S. Pritchett again, 'Above all he is the novelist of the physical world, which has for him a kind of natural innocence. He watches the eager natural pulse of life, so that Rostov's youthful desire to cut a figure as a gambler, Pierre's muddle about proposing marriage, Natasha's dramatic flirtations and Sonya's self-sacrifice, are not just states of mind attached to characters, but hundreds of small physical acts. There was a naive physical vigour in Tolstoi, a joy in the senses which the later Puritan never quite scourged out of him.'

In the quiet, irresistible flow of the story, there is little that catches the attention separately. Apart from the historical theorisings and the flouting of Napoleon, everything is in place; even brilliant figures of speech and profound reflections stand out only when one looks back over the finished chapter or book. But they are often worth looking back for. Here are two similes. An estate is abandoned as the French advance, and only one feeble old servant is left behind. 'The old man was still sitting in the ornamental garden, like a fly impassive on the face of a loved one who is dead' (p. 778). An officer begins to reflect on his past life, on the eve of the battle of Borodino. 'All life appeared to him like magic-lantern pictures at which he had long been gazing by artificial light through a glass. Now he suddenly saw those badly daubed pictures in clear daylight and without a glass' (p. 851).

As for reflections, a ruffianly old nobleman lies dying, near the beginning of the story, and we are told that on his face there is 'a look the significance of which could not be understood by mortal man. Either this look meant nothing but that as long as one has eyes they must look somewhere, or it meant too much' (p. 86). There is much religious and philosophic talk in the book, but it arises naturally out of the story. Aylmer Maude's notes show that very often the religious doubts and difficulties are the same ones that later troubled and upset Tolstoi's own life; but in *War and Peace* one hardly can feel that Tolstoi is using the book as a vehicle for his own thoughts. There is a wonderful account of two young men discussing God in the course of a journey (V. x), one good-natured and muddled, the other clever and disillusioned. But they talk as they do because people talk that way in real life, not because Tolstoi wants to prove anything or to demonstrate his own enlightenment. Even the lessons that the main hero learns as a prisoner of war (lousy), do not give the impression of moral sentences added for their own sake: though when given by themselves they may sound like it. 'While imprisoned in the shed Pierre had learned, not with his intellect but with his whole being, by life itself, that man is created for happiness, that happiness is within him, in the satisfaction of simple human needs, and that all unhappiness arises not from privation but from superfluity. And now during these last three weeks of the march he had learned still another new, consolatory truth—that there is nothing in the world that is terrible. He had learned that, as there is no condition in which man can be happy and entirely free, so there is no condition in which he need be unhappy and not free'—and so on (p. 1168). And Pierre's final conversion is made equally a part

of the whole story. 'Formerly he had sought Him in aims he set himself . . . . Suddenly in his captivity he had learnt, not by words or reasoning but by direct feeling, what his nurse had told him long ago: that God is here and everywhere . . . . He felt like a man who, after straining his eyes to see into the far distance, finds what he sought at his very feet' (p. 1218).

When one closes the book and thinks it all over again, rousing oneself to be critical, the chief feeling is amazement at the range and depth of Tolstoi's understanding and sympathy. He never explains his characters ('never' means 'hardly ever', of course), never blames, never excuses, never praises, though they include the best and pretty nearly the worst of human nature. If he does sometimes offer comments, it is not to pass moral sentence but to point out something that the reader might have missed, in a young officer planning to kidnap an innocent girl, or in a peasant who bears the most terrible hardships with unaffected cheerfulness; there is never an open word of approval or disapproval. There is something Shakespearean about the trustfulness with which Tolstoi leaves his readers to judge the characters for themselves. It is only gradually, and very naturally, that one realizes how nice and good some of these people are, and how hateful some others.

V

Chief among the persons of the book are two families, the Rostovs and the Bolkonskis; and for those who are interested in such things it is said that the Rostovs are very like Tolstoi's own family, and the Bolkonskis his wife's. In each of them it is interesting to see how a family resemblance runs through all the members of the family, though they seem very different, and through the changing fortunes of fifteen eventful years. The Rostovs are genial, pleasure-loving and extravagant. The elder daughter Vera is conventional and selfish, and marries a cold ambitious man Berg who keeps silent when he cannot talk about himself, but is so genuinely interested in that subject that he is not noticeably a bore; when they set up house they give an appallingly dull party, on which Vera congratulates herself with pleasure that it was exactly like any other fashionable Moscow party. Yet Vera is unmistakably a Rostov.

The principal heroine of the book is the younger Rostov girl, Nataly or Natasha, a school girl when the story begins, very excitable and full of herself, and with the grace and charm of a young fawn. To show how much she loves a young cousin she burns her arm with a hot iron and it seems natural and fine. Everyone loves her, including the reader, and nobody can explain why. She is not particularly clever—as a devoted admirer says, 'she does not deign to be clever'; her beauty is not out of the way; she has no special virtues. When she sets herself to do anything she does it well, but she is very wayward. When she is bored (and she often suffers terribly from boredom) she hunts out obscure servants in odd corners of the great house, and gives them unnecessary orders just for the fun of queening it; and the servants run wherever she sends them, and love it. She has a habit of standing in front of a mirror and saying to herself, 'How charming that Natasha is! Pretty, a good voice, young, and in nobody's way if only they leave her in peace' (p. 517). She becomes engaged to a man she adores, but they are separated for some time, and a handsome reckless ruffian,

already married, makes love to her and captivates or hypnotises her till she agrees to run away with him. The plot becomes known and she is saved just in time; but for months afterwards she is completely miserable and half-crazy. In the end she marries very happily, and we see her last as a busy, staid matron, fussy about her children, a little fat, a little mean about money, and a bit of a shrew—but somehow the same bewitching Natasha still. The secret of Natasha is that she can be completely happy, and the sight of a completely happy person is something that nobody can resist. Even after she is grown up she has a habit, when excited and happy, of just opening her mouth and screaming with pure joy. And whatever she is, she is always unaffected and sincere; there are no half-measures, no pretences, and no calculations. She is a sort of Cleopatra, but young, pure, and (in spite of her one disgraceful escapade) quite innocent. Darling Natasha! I have already mentioned the chapter that describes her at her first grown-up ball, in a dream of bliss, which is one of the unforgettable things in the book.

The man whom Natasha marries, after all her adventures, Pierre, is as wonderful in his way as she is in hers. A giant of a man, so strong that he can press nails into wood with his bare hands, he begins life penniless and illegitimate, becomes a millionaire count, and is badgered and tricked into marrying a beautiful animal of a woman without a heart or conscience; he experiments endlessly and unsuccessfully with religion and philanthropy; he is captured by the French in Moscow and taken with them in their retreat as a prisoner, degraded and tortured; and he ends as the happy though henpecked husband of Natasha. And through it all he remains the same simple, eager, trustful, good-natured man, infinitely lovable, laughed at and taken in by all but the few who have good hearts themselves.

Prince Andrew, the younger Bolkonski, is the only character who is Russian in the sense given to the word by Dostoiefski and Chekhov. He is handsome, wealthy, brilliant, and never happy. Like Natasha, he can do anything if he can feel that it is worth doing. In 1812 he chooses to serve with an infantry regiment, though he is offered an ornamental place on the staff, and his men adore him. He scoffs at Pierre's laborious and ineffectual efforts to do good to his serfs, though he loves and respects Pierre; his own serfs are much better off, without theories or pretensions. And he is always asking himself 'Why? What is it for?' and he never finds the answer. At the beginning he is married to a beautiful but silly girl, and treats her, in spite of himself, contemptuously and cruelly. She dies when her son is born, and her dead face haunts him afterwards: beautiful still, it wears a puzzled expression, as if asking 'Why have you all done this to me?' Later he becomes engaged to Natasha, falling in love with her at the court-hall twice mentioned already; but when she disgraces herself with her good-looking scoundrel he is bitter and unforgiving. Horribly wounded at Borodino, he is taken by chance to the Rostov house, and is reconciled to Natasha; but he dies after weeks of agony, of gangrene, bitter and brilliant to the end.

VI

Then there is Platon Karataev, a peasant whom Pierre meets as a military prisoner. Always cheerful, always quoting proverbs, he lives entirely without

reflection, doing anything useful and giving any help to anyone that he can by pure instinct, never thinking of himself even for a moment. An old man, he falls ill during the retreat, and lags behind, and is shot. Always talking, he could never repeat anything he said if asked to; words once spoken had gone for ever and other words came instead. 'He did not, and could not, understand the meaning of words apart from their context. Every word and action of his was the manifestation of an activity unknown to him, which was his life. But his life, as he regarded it, had no meaning as a separate thing. It had meaning only as part of a whole of which he was always conscious. His words and actions flowed from him as evenly, inevitably and spontaneously as fragrance exhales from a flower' (p. 1072).

Another peasant brilliantly studied is Tikhon, who takes part in the guerrilla-fighting when the French are retreating. Without knowing why he gets into the way of killing Frenchmen as neatly and as remorselessly as he would kill vermin on his shirt. At first he takes prisoners, and brings them in single-handed for questioning; but one of his prisoners wounds him, and after treating the wound with external and internal applications of vodka, he takes no more prisoners. The cruelty, the privations of that horrible campaign, and the secret killings, are all just jokes to him. The picture ought to be terrifying, but it doesn't work that way.

One of the very famous passages in the book is a description of a wolf-hunt at the Rostov's country estate. It is a wonderful piece of writing: one enters fully, by turns, into the feelings of the hunters, the horses, the dogs, and even the wolves. It is one of the occasions on which Natasha suddenly begins to scream at the pitch of her voice, having no other way of expressing how happy she is. And one of the most wonderful things in it is the portrait of Daniel the huntsman, who has 'that look of independence and scorn of everything that is seen only in huntsmen'. Before the hunt he comes into the house for orders. 'Though Daniel was not a big man, to see him in a room was like seeing a horse or a bear on the floor among the furniture and the surroundings of human life. Daniel himself felt this, and as usual stood just inside the door, trying to speak softly and not move, for fear of breaking something in the master's apartment, and he hastened to say all that was necessary so as to get from under that ceiling, out into the open under the sky once more' (p. 538). Then Natasha comes in. 'It seemed to Daniel irksome and improper to be in a room at all, but to have anything to do with a young lady seemed to him impossible. He cast down his eyes and hurried out as if it were none of his business, careful as he went not to inflict any accidental injury on the young lady' (p. 538).

Later in the day the old Count his master comes up at the wrong time and causes some confusion during which a wolf escapes. Daniel swears at him and threatens him with his whip; and the count, instead of resenting it, looks like a punished schoolboy and looks round with a frightened smile, trying to get sympathy from some one else.

VII

Finally (for one most stop some time) I want to say something about the Kuragin family, for I can't think of anyone at all like them in any other novel

A father, a daughter, and two sons, without a single spark of intelligence, taste, morality, or affection among them—and one likes them rather than otherwise. The father, Prince Vassily, who holds high office in the government and uses it solely for the benefit of his own family and of those from whom he hopes to get something, is made very vivid by some comic mannerisms. When he shakes hands he gives a little pull at the other person's arm, as if to find out whether it is firmly fixed on (p. 82). He prides himself on his manner of reading aloud. 'The art of the reading was supposed to lie in rolling out the words, quite independently of their meaning, in a loud and sing-song voice alternating between a despairing wail and a tender murmur, so that the wail fell quite at random on one word and the murmur on another' (p. 1031).

His daughter Hélène is very beautiful and very stupid, but has plenty of the low cunning that is found only in stupid people and uses it to captivate everyone around her; even when there is no one present from whom she can get anything, she goes on captivating for practice, smiling 'with a look implying that she did not admit the possibility of anyone seeing her without being enchanted' (p. 220).

The Prince and Hélène decide that she must marry Pierre, simply because he is the richest bachelor available. The two are constantly thrown together as if by accident, and soon everyone is talking about them and glancing at them archly. Even Pierre begins to feel that something is expected of him, but he is never quite clear what it is, and in any case he is like a rabbit hypnotized by a snake. At last the Prince's patience is exhausted. After leaving Pierre and Hélène significantly in a room by themselves, and after Pierre has sat for half an hour smiling pleasantly but saying nothing to the point, the Prince walks noisily into the room and warmly congratulates Pierre on his engagement. Pierre, still in a fog, accepts the engagement as an accomplished fact, and they are married. She pays no attention to him, except now and then to sneer at his odd ways with her fashionable worthless friends; she deceives him shamelessly and wastes his money on every kind of extravagance. He rebels once or twice, but she talks him round with hardly an effort. In time however she tires of the marriage, having got all she wants out of it; and for mere love of novelty she decides to marry some one else. Some people, even in her circle, are apt to disapprove of such a step, and so she cleverly gets the gossips all debating the question, not whether she should 'marry' again, but which of two particular men it should be, and the moral and legal difficulties are not noticed. Then her Church, the Greek Orthodox, seems to be likely to prove awkward, and she decides that she must become a Roman Catholic, and finds a complaisant abbé to whom she expounds, with demure play-acting, her spiritual problems. Her 'conversion' is very rich comedy. 'The enchanting, middle-aged Frenchman laid his hands on her head and, as she herself afterwards described it, she felt something like a fresh breeze wafted into her soul. It was explained to her this was *la grâce* [the Grace of God]' (p. 924). 'The state of dove-like purity she was now in (she wore only white dresses and white ribbons all that time) gave her pleasure, but her pleasure did not cause her for a moment to forget her aim . . . In her view the aim of every religion was merely to preserve certain proprieties while affording satisfaction to human desires' (p. 925). But when her second

'marriage' is almost accomplished, she dies of typhoid—and really one is quite sorry. She has done much harm and no good whatever, yet one thinks of her as of a kitten rather than of a tigress. She never seems at all human.

Her brothers Hippolyte and Anatole are even more brainless than she, quite as conscienceless, and more openly brutal and savage. But they are big, handsome, and absolutely devoted to their own interests, and they get on quite well. Hippolyte gets the reputation of a great wit by making completely pointless remarks in a loud voice, and then laughing so heartily that most people conclude that the point must have been so deep that they missed it, and they laugh too. The younger brother Anatole is the scoundrel who so nearly ruins Natasha; and Tolstoi is at some pains to show why. He never wanted to do any harm to anyone (unless in frequent 'affairs of honour'), but he was vain, liked women, and had no self-control and no sense. With women he showed 'a supercilious consciousness of his own superiority. It was as if he said to them: "I know you, I know you, but why should I bother about you? You'd only be too glad, of course." Perhaps he did not really think this when he met women—even probably he did not, for in general he thought very little—but his looks and manner gave that impression' (p. 237). The trick worked, many times over; the women fell for him, so they were to blame as much as he if he went on in this way. Anatole was not vain or ambitious or mean. 'All he cared about was gaiety and women, and as according to his ideas there was nothing dishonourable in these tastes, and he was incapable of considering what gratification of his tastes entailed for others, he honestly considered himself irreproachable, sincerely despised rogues and bad people, and with a tranquil conscience carried his head high. Rakes, those male Magdalenes, have a secret feeling of innocence similar to that which female Magdalenes have, based on the same hope of forgiveness. "All will be forgiven her, for she loved much; and all will be forgiven him, for he enjoyed much"' (p 623). So, when he meets Natasha and falls in love with her, he doesn't consider the consequence for her any more than for himself. When that fails, he disappears for a time, knowing that the Rostovs and Prince Andrew and Pierre are all out for his blood. Then, when Prince Andrew is wounded at Borodino, and taken to the ghastly casualty clearing station, Anatole is in the next bed; the doctors are showing him his leg, which has been amputated with the boot still on, and he is sobbing like a woman. Later, casually, we are told that he dies; and we are a little glad of it, but not very. He is quite as bad as Hélène, but has not quite so much of the splendid and unfaltering impudence which made us ready to forgive her everything. I can't remember what happened in the end to Hippolyte (there should be an index).

Tolstoi tells us that he spent on *War and Peace* 'five years of an interrupted and exceptionally strenuous labour under the best conditions of life' (p. 1345)—the years immediately after his marriage, when the riots and excesses of his youth were over, and the stormy campaigns of his later years had hardly begun. Many of the passages were re-written seven times. It was worth the trouble.

C. N.

LADY AND GENTLEMEN

By Deacon Abraham, C. A., *4 Hons., Branch vii*

[This is an extract from my autobiography, which is nearing completion. Copyright is most jealously reserved.]

Now that I have revealed to the reader some of my weaknesses and failures, I venture to confide a secret, which I have preserved for the confidential ear of some private friend. I neither crave your pity nor do I intend to evoke your envy; but I rather count upon a serious light-heartedness or a light-hearted seriousness on your part.

Ever since I began my educational career I have fondled a great desire in the inmost recess of my heart—to become an effective and powerful speaker. I can trace back the origin of this monomania down to the age of ten when I was in the Middle School. I was placed under the charge of a teacher, whom I then adored as a man of lore. He always distinguished me with such marks of kindness and sympathy that gratitude will not suffer me to forget him. I had often sat with open mouth in striking wonderment at the easy eloquence of the venerated pedagogue, who could go on rattling non-stop for a whole day. I was all admiration for him and determined to emulate his oratory. Looking back today from this distance of time I can see that he possessed the gift of the gab in abundance and nothing more. In fact he was one who well remembered that he had a salary to receive and only forgot that he had a duty to perform.

Several years elapsed in silence, no one noticing that I was a potential Edmund Burke. Every time a meeting or a debate was held in the High School, I thought that I could speak as well as anybody else, but not even once did I care to exhibit my great talent! There was a vague feeling in me that I was wasting my opportunities and yet I postponed and procrastinated. At last I was caught in the irresistible impulse of my conceit. The anniversary of the school was to be celebrated with great eclat and ceremony. A grand public meeting was to be held in connection with that and the Rev. Adams Paul (of the Gregorian College) would preside. In the general class the Headmaster announced that he would be glad if a student in the school final class volunteered to make a welcome speech. My heart beat faster. 'When are you going to exhibit your talent?' I asked myself. 'Now, or never' came the ready response. I stood up and mumbled. 'Well I hope you can do it', the Headmaster remarked. 'Well, well' the backbenchers mirthfully whispered.

The auspicious day dawned. I slipped out of my bed unusually early and went through the carefully prepared speech beginning with 'Ladies and gentlemen' and winding up with a 'Thank you'. The various entertainments that occupied the whole of the forenoon had no attraction for me. Long before the time for the public meeting to commence I entered the hall and sat close to the platform. The interim was indeed like a 'phantasma or a hideous dream.'

A welcome song by a group of young boys came first and then the chairman announced 'Welcome Speech'. Mustering all the courage I could command, I scanned the mammoth gathering. I can swear that I did not look at anybody in the face; yet I easily discerned that the ladies' gallery was vacant except for one elegant, middle-aged woman with a young boy at her side. An idea flashed into my mind. How could I begin 'Ladies and gentlemen?' That would be ridiculously absurd. Common sense came to my rescue and with a frightful vibration of my vocal chords I began 'Mr. Chairman, lady and gentlemen'. I paused to breathe, but what followed stopped the air halfway and made my hair to stand on end. The recollection of it harrows my very soul even at this distance of time. There was a roar of laughter and hooting and striking on the desks. 'What the deuce?' I wondered. It went on for another few minutes and in my helplessness I turned to the chairman for guidance, but I saw him painfully struggling to control himself. I was in a quandary and felt as though my heart had escaped into my boots. My head was reeling and I thought the audience was doing likewise. I moved closer to the table and placed the slip of paper on it for fear of my hands betraying the revolution within my stomach! I had not the vein to begin again with 'lady and gentlemen'; but without that the rest would not come. Anyhow the worst had happened and I recited the welcome speech in a frenzy. At the close of my speech I safely left out the dangerous 'lady'. 'Gentlemen, we extend to you all a most hearty welcome' I concluded. Amidst the uproar that broke out afresh, I descended.

From the corner, where I sat hiding my face, I heard somebody remark, 'Poor boy. He did not know that she is Mrs. Paul, or perhaps he would have begun 'Mrs. Paul and gentlemen'.

ON BORING

C. G. Ramasubbu, *Hons. 3 Br. iv.*

Nobody acquainted with our residential Halls requires to be introduced to this word. Even those members who are not proficient in this art are bound to have had the experience of being its victims at one time or the other. To bore, according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is to weary by tedious talk or dullness. A bore is stated to mean 'a nuisance, a tiresome person'.

Boring is a historic institution that has survived all the storms that might have unsettled the other aspects of Indian University life. While it is a fact that most fresh entrants to a college are new to this extra-curricular activity, some do come here after having made a good reputation for themselves in the art. There are a few, however, whose latent wearying talents, with the least incentive from their environments inflict themselves on the community with extraordinary intensity. Most of the freshers do not take

much time to become efficient twaddlers, their degrees of efficiency varying with their own natural inclinations in this direction.

Among the several forms of boring that may now be outlined, the most popular and the most important one is endless talk. One of the several contrivances by which a talk is rendered endless is that of not limiting the discussion to any one topic. Continual attempts are made to hook one thought to another which is only distantly related to it, thus forming an endless chain. Both the most important and the least significant things are enveloped in the wide field covered by these talks. The length of such a talk varies directly with the talkativeness of the speaker and inversely with the susceptibility of the victim.

The less prevalent and effective forms are those of tapping at the door of some room every one hour and staring with a hungry look when the door is opened and the purpose of the visit demanded. It is the bore's blank expression that is relied upon to convey the broad purpose of such a visit. The more tactful among victims dispose of him by a summary execution of any incidental request that he may choose to make as an excuse for the visit—thus giving no scope for the exploitation of their leisure and patience by the interested intruder.

This study would be incomplete without a discussion of communal boring, that is, boring on a large scale. Music by the less talented members of the Halls is one of its main forms. The term 'Music' is here arbitrarily used for the several partially regulated sounds that emanate from the bath-rooms, porches and students' rooms. More often it is unpleasant; good singers seldom sing without persuasion. Unanimity of opinion cannot be obtained on the question whether ducking, in its several forms, is a bore or not.

Students do not monopolise communal boring in spite of all the Hall and College debates. It is the staff that gets the better opportunity: and in many colleges the fullest advantage is taken of this fact with the consequence that at least one member of the staff makes a name for himself in the field. Occasionally, the remarks made by students about such persons are unfair and ungenerous.

This phenomenon leads us to the fact that boring is not an absolute concept but a relative one, changing in accordance with the nature and intensity of a person's tastes. Thus a universal bore must be a person whose method of boring operates successfully on everybody alike.

Boring, however, is no bed of roses. It means a waste of time as much to the bore as to his victim, besides bringing in its wake a considerable degree of unpopularity. Therefore, it is only the interest in the art that spurs a person to bore. Thus it is generally pursued as an 'art for art's sake'.

The problem of avoiding bores has never been satisfactorily solved. Attempts are usually made to curtail the period and sphere of boring; but in the opinion of some 'A flat denial makes a bore only more persistent; appeasement is the only effective remedy.' Views to the contrary are also held and backed up by tales of personal experiences.

Though a bore is a social nuisance, he should be admired for the sacrifices that he makes to enliven life around him in his own traditional method.

THE STREET SINGER

By Mahmood Bin Mohammad, *Hons. 4, Br. vii*

Is the maiden gone?
Oh the cold sadness that rings in her strain!
Autumn has set in o'er her garden,
And the myrtle leaves are drooping;
Ah, gone are the flowers of spring!

One of life's luckless victims,
Trembling like the frail and mournful strings
Of her guitar,
She sings a song of dreams;
The dirge of departed years.

Frail child of sorrow, thou dost weep
O'er the grave of a happier past,
When the cup of life was full,
And thou, still a tiny white-robed angel
Softly cuddled in thy mother's lap!

O solitary wanderer!
The flowers spring up, flourish and die.
Little didst thou know what poverty meant
When like the flowers in the garden
Thou seemed to bloom with the spring!

Alas, grief-stricken lute-girl!
Thou art caught in the network of steel
And vainly seekest a way out;
Oh! remember, even kindness
Is sometimes a wily trap!

O luckless maid, when spring is dead
Thou hast not learned to die!
And what is life but a day repeated?
Love and laughter, groans and sighs,
Now rippling mirth, now anguished tears!

COLLEGE NOTES

Admissions

When the College reopened on the 30th. of June, there were over 960 students on the rolls, the largest total for many years. Circumstances permitting, the total would have been kept considerably lower, but it is difficult to keep numbers down when there are so many alternative courses and so many applicants. This year, 1,800 students applied for admission to the junior classes. The increase in admissions is due almost wholly to an increase in the number of Honours students, English, Mathematics, Economics, and Physics all having record numbers.

Staff

Our good wishes go with those members of staff who have left us in recent months. Mr. A. F. Thyagaraju, now in the Andhra Christian College, Guntur, had for five years been a valued member of the English Department, and had latterly been a very successful editor of this Magazine. Mr. T. N. Venkatanathachari had been Lecturer in Botany for six years, throwing himself energetically into the work of the Department, and kindling in many students a real enthusiasm for the subject. As Honorary Professor of Physics from 1938 till 1943, Mr. J. P. Manikkam put the College, which already owed him a great deal, still more deeply in his debt. It was characteristic of him that he always insisted on representing these years of honorary service as an unexpected pleasure for himself rather than as a favour rendered to the College. We wish him every happiness in his new post in the Annamalai University.

We have pleasure in extending a welcome to several new members of staff. Mr. S. P. Adinarayan, who joined the College as a student exactly twenty years ago, has rejoined as Professor of Philosophy; Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan, former student and tutor, has come back home again as Lecturer in English; and Mr. P. Kesava Menon, also a former student and a former tutor, has returned from the Annamalai University as Lecturer in Mathematics, accompanied by Mr. P. S. Varadachari our new Lecturer in Physics. We hope that all of them will spend many happy years in Tambaram, and we welcome also those others who have come amongst us—or come back amongst us—for temporary service in various departments. Another addition to our staff, of a rather novel kind, is the arrival amongst us of Mr. A. M. Varki, till recently Principal of Union Christian College, Alwaye. For this year at least he has agreed to be Visiting Professor of English in this College. Our teaching work is greatly strengthened by his wide experience, and our social life is enriched by his genial presence, while his wife is giving some much-valued help to the Mathematics Department.

University Prizes

The following students of the College were awarded prizes by the University on the basis of the March 1943 examinations:—

Godwin Rose, B.A. Hons. (The Christian College Gold Medal, The Jubilee Gold Medal, and the Rao Bahadur M. A. Singaracharlar Prize)

Jacob Kumaresan, B.A. Hons. (The Samuel Sathyanathan Memorial Gold Medal)

K. J. Natarajan, B.A. Hons. (The N. N. Asirvatham Prize)

Results of University Examinations

The 1943 candidates were on the whole very successful in the University Examinations. In the Intermediate Examination, 70% of the candidates passed completely, which—if the wholly exceptional year 1942 is left out of account—is the best percentage the College has ever achieved. For the first time in our history, there were more First Classes than Second Classes, the majority of them in the Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry group, in which 33 out of 49 candidates passed in the First Class. In the B.A. Examination, there were again more failures in English than there ought to be, but the passes in other subjects were satisfactory. In the B.Sc. Examination, 62 out of 71 candidates passed, 8 of them in the First Class and 23 in the Second Class. In the B.A. Hons., B.Sc. Hons. and M.A. Examinations, 10 candidates were placed in the First Class, 18 in the Second Class, and 12 in the Third Class, only two failing to secure an Honours Degree.

Obituary

Since our last number appeared, many good friends of the College have been taken from amongst us by death. Within a week we lost two of the most active and unwearying of our Old Boys, Mr. S. Satyamurti and Mr. O. Kandaswamy Chetty. Both had been members of the staff, Mr. Kandaswamy Chetty for many years on end. They both served their country in many ways thereafter, behind the scenes or before the footlights; but both were perhaps at their happiest and best when they were back in their old College. Mr. M. C. Rajah was another public man known throughout the country, but he also kept to the end of his life a warm place in his heart for the Madras Christian College.

In London, about the same time, died the Rev. William Paton, D.D., a member of the College Governing Board. Dr. Paton knew the College well, both through his long friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Hogg as well as some younger members of staff, and because of his many years of service with the Y.M.C.A. and the National Christian Council in India. As a Secretary of the International Missionary Council he had much to do with the organizing of the Lindsay Commission, and probably raised more money for the Tambaram buildings than any other individual. A warm-hearted friend to many all over the world, and a devoted servant of Jesus Christ.

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall

Even with the nightmare of the post-vacation examination haunting them, people were glad to be back in their own Heber Hall; for the holidays were beginning to be just too long. Our Warden, the Rev. T. G. Platten, is away for a term and is missed. The Rev. Dr. Adiseshiah has taken his place as Warden for the term.

The 'White Hall' of romantic memories for some at least, has been this year, acquired as Heber Hall Annexe, since Mr. P. C. George, Lecturer in Botany, has taken up our regular Annexe. The vacancy caused by Mr. K. M. George shifting to a roomy residence has been filled by Mr. B. Albert. Our tutorial staff is a genial one.

Soon after reopening, the various offices in the Hall Committee were thrown open for election. But the general enthusiasm seemed to have settled down to a rigid coldness, so that none of the offices was contested.

The Reception to Non-Residents, held on 22nd July, was a fair success. We have had so far, one General Body meeting and a 'Hat-night' when as many as twenty members took active part. Except for the Hall tennis teams—which have gone into hibernation for the duration of the war—other games and athletic activities are going on vigorously. We are trying to open a Cricket-Club, if possible. The Rural Service Union is maintaining its good tradition. The Hall Bulletin has been revived.

The 7th of August was observed as Tagore Day and the second anniversary of his demise was commemorated.

The 9th of August was solemnly observed as a day of fasting and prayer for our dear country. All voluntarily abstained from their mid-day meal and villagers from three or four villages were fed instead.

With the co-operation of all, the prospect before us seems to be fair.

G. R. KARAT,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

Of our Hall life there is little to report, beyond the fact that we are eternally merry; that we have our various hall activities travelling first class as usual and that our warden seldom gets an occasion to be what he is—'a strict disciplinarian'.

Perhaps I should be specific about the important activities of the Hall! The Non-Residents' Social was our first celebration. We began with a war-quality tea, but forgot all about the tea in the course of the group games and the entertainment. The most enjoyable features of the evening were a dance-performance by Dr. Joshua—with a 200 lb. chimpanzee on his back, and the single combat between the non-resident giant Parikh and our wrestler Masud Ali Khan. The Annual Ducking was the second big activity, which provided great excitement and merriment to a great number of members, particularly to the newcomers. In the heat and hurry of the campaign, Kittu, the vegetarian mess secretary, is reported to have accomplished a spectacular feat—of diving from the terrace and landing on the ground, fifteen feet below. Next came the *terminal entertainment*, the standard of which could be judged from the very enthusiastic and continuous applause that prevailed throughout. Raja Ramanna, the entertainment secretary, spared no pains in its organization. Most of the actors deserve our heartiest congratulations, but specially U. N. Ramachandra Rao, K. M. Mammen Mappilay and N. Kalyanasundaram.

I shall be guilty of a serious omission, if I do not mention that our warden has presented about forty books to our Hall Library, and it seems that he is going to give us a good many books more, for this was what he said when he delivered the first bundle, 'Consider this a small first instalment'.

Below are given the names of the president and the members of the Students' Representative Council:

The Rev. J. R. Macphail ... *Warden and President.*

Messrs:

Abraham Joseph	...	*General Secretary.*
Raja Ramanna	...	*Entertainments.*
S. Krishnan	...	*Library.*
S. Palani Velu	...	*Outdoor Games.*
Seshanarayanan	...	*Indoor Games.*
Chidambarathanoo	...	*Debates.*
John Zachariah	...	*Non-vegetarian Mess.*
Venkitakrishnan	...	*Vegetarian Mess.*

I am afraid there is considerable truth in the complaint that we do not see enough of Mr. Boyd, our neighbour, these days. Maybe, he is very busy. It is true that we missed him at the Non-Residents' Social as well as for the terminal entertainment, but I should like to tell those who complain that he had resolved to come for the first function in spite of a bad cold and sore throat, but was unable to do so, on account of a mistake: in order to get rid of the cold before the social, he swallowed many more sulphanamide pills than the doctor prescribed with the result that he got fever and was therefore compelled to cancel the programme.

ABRAHAM JOSEPH,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

Hallo, everybody, this is Selaiyur Hall calling, sending greetings to all its readers; we are speaking to you on the 103 metre-band short-wave . . . . in clear basic English.

We started off with an astonishing influx of new members; of them all, we shall introduce to you an important young man, who is only one foot and a half in length and sixteen pounds in weight. He may be seen in a perambulator around our Hall on many fine evenings. Such is our youngest member, Malcolm Fraser Macnicol.

We settled down to our work and play soon enough and took the first opportunity of rain for ducking . . . a horrible and thorough affair—when clothes of students and tutors alike were permanently stained by the liberal application of the famous laterite of Tambaram. There were also a few other manifestations of our bubbling mirth.

The at-home to non-residents went off very well on the 27th of July. The entertainment provided was greatly appreciated, though there was no curtain (our entertainment Secretary does not believe in curtains).

Our 'Hall uplifters', the members of the Rural Service Union, have more or less adopted, and quite rightly, Selaiyur Village and Cheri, and are bringing up this sickly child with all maternal care.

The Secretaries in charge of the various activities of the Hall are doing 'Bull-work'. Outdoor and Indoor games are being played with great enthusiasm.

We have had two issues of the Hall bulletin and their exceptionally high standard is mainly due to the untiring efforts of our Editor.

The General body—a polite nomenclature for that nebulous indefinable but very vociferous mass of resident students—is awake and kicking and is out for blood, preferably the blood of the Hall Committee. But it is hoped that our meeting at the end of this term will be more business-like and useful.

The Gramophone Club is running as well as ever. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then we have very sincere neighbours.

The general health of the Hall has been uniformly good.

For the present Good-bye everybody.

R. K. Samson,
General Secretary.

PILGRIMS TO THE FAIR

EVENING STUDY

[By P. N. Radhakrishnan, Class III]

RURAL SERVICE LEAGUERS AT WORK

MIXING PULP FOR PAPER

CONSTRUCTING A BORE-HOLE LATRINE

M. C. C. RURAL CENTRE 'CHAKKI' FOR HAND-POUND RICE

DISCUSSING MEDICINES WITH VILLAGERS

SOCIETIES

Rural Service League

The rural situation has steadily deteriorated since our last report. Prices have gone up, food has become scarcer, agricultural employment has declined to almost nothing, ill-health and epidemics have become more widespread and rural illiteracy has reached staggering proportions. During the long summer vacation, a few of the staff and students stayed behind and carried on three important functions—visiting the villages to study the situation and dispense medicines, running the rural centre to provide employment and develop the cottage industries, and keeping open the rural relief depot to ration out paddy and ragi to the poorest families in our villages. Towards the middle of May, Tambaram with the rest of S. India experienced a sustained and terrible cyclone for a week. As a result, the two large huts in the centre where our cottage industries were being carried on, collapsed and the whole centre was badly damaged. So with the help of villagers, the next three weeks were spent in reconstructing the whole rural centre. The opportunity was used for reconstructing and rebuilding the two sheds on new sites, leaving $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land in the centre to be used for gardening and cultivation. The college has sanctioned a loan of Rs. 2,000 to the League towards the construction of a paddy godown and hand-pound rice shed, and work on this pucca building was also started.

A fortnight before the new academic year began, from the 13th—26th June, under the auspices of the Madras Youth Council, a Summer School for training members in the theory and practice of rural and social service was held at the Rural Centre. It was attended by 30 men and women, students, lecturers, lawyers, farmers, village schoolmasters, a journalist, etc. The daily programme of work was 7—8·30 a.m., manual work when gardening and a road in the centre were constructed ; 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 2—4 p.m. work at one cottage industry. There were three courses—one in hand-made paper, one in spinning and one in hand-pound rice. In all these courses examinations were held at the end of the course and certificates awarded to qualifying candidates. From 4 to 5-30 p.m. a lecture was delivered by experts on rural sanitation, health, medicine, cottage industries, industrialisation, the food situation, agriculture, and the politics of social service. The speakers included Sris. S. Ramanathan, Keithan, K. Bhashyam, K. Santanam, R. Venkataraman, A. Krishnaswamy, Drs. Srinivasamurthy, K. Sanjeevi, Mrs. R. F. Roll, the District Agric. Officer, etc. From 5-30 p.m. to 7-30 p.m. the members divided into three groups, and visited the villages for health, recreational and literacy activities. After dinner the whole school met for 2 hours for discussion on a subject relevant to rural work and organisation. As a consequence of this Summer School, similar rural centres have been started in four places, many of the members have started Paper, Spinning, and Hand-pound rice industries in other colleges, schools and villages, and the M.C.C. Rural Centre has become the clearing house for information, literature,

equipment regarding Rural work and service. The school was organised by the chairman of the league and the three departments were under the able guidance of Messrs. C. R. Paulus, A. P. Madhavan and A. Gnanu.

When college re-opened, the task of starting up the work of the League for the year was immediately undertaken. Opening meetings within the first week were organised in St. Thomas's, Selaiyur and Bishop Heber Hall Unions and the Lecturers' Colony Union in the Annexe. The meetings were largely attended and in response to the problems placed before meetings, large numbers enrolled. Each Union has a very large membership and a very good programme of work. St. Thomas's Hall Rural Service Union is now working regularly in 5 villages. Medical and recreational work is being carried on. A very well attended night-school in two sections is being run in Tambaram Cheri. Selaiyur Hall Rural Service Union is working in three villages and the medical and literacy work is well conducted. Bishop Heber Hall Rural Service Union is working in four villages doing the usual health and literacy work. The Lecturer's Colony Union with its new President Mr. Kesava Menon is working in Mappedu village and cheri. Other groups are working in Vengadamangalam, Nagalkeni and Perumgalathur. A group of women students are working in Kadaperi doing first-aid and taking sewing classes. The daily and regular visits to all villages by groups of four or five students are being steadily maintained.

Reports from all the Unions stress the utter urgency of the food situation. There is no employment and no food in the villages. No Fair Price Depots reach the villages and so the villages have to purchase their rice at $1\frac{1}{2}$ measures per rupee in the black market. Agricultural wages are 2 annas per day and so they prefer to stay idle and starve. Price control, rationing, fair price depots, do not apply to the villages at all. The situation is desperate. In one village seven families were starving for four days quite literally. In another village daily reports give figures of families who are slowly dying of starvation. So, for the very serious and poorest families, some uneconomic employment has been provided at the Rural Centre and they are given one large mid-day meal and Annas Five as wages. Also on the 9th of August, practically all students gave up their mid-day meal and about 850 villagers were fed well. But the problem of food starvation baffles us. We cannot do a thing.

As a consequence disease has been on the increase. Reports from St. Thomas, Selaiyur, Heber and Lecturers' Colony Unions show that due to malnutrition and under-nourishment, itch, fever and stomach ailments are appearing in epidemic form and no medicine can control them. And food starvation and increased ill-health has resulted in a dangerous decrease of day school attendance in the village. Board schools show a 33–50 per cent drop in attendance compared to last year. Our literacy work has been seriously hampered and in addition the lack of kerosine restricts night-schools and Youth League activities to the day time.

Our long term plan is to get land under the 'grow more food campaign' and distribute it to the villagers. After much effort by the Heber Hall Union, villagers and Mr. Paulus, the Conjeevaram Devasthanam is now willing to give Tiruvencheri about 25 acres of land at some distance from the village;

they have promised more land later, when the opposition from another section of the village subsides. The land from government for Vengadamangalam Cherri is still in process of discussion and dispute. Our request for 150 acres of the Panchayat Forest land, to the Board of Revenue is likely to be granted. Meanwhile we are forming the cheri people into a co-operative society of 30 people, so that each may have a 5 acre holding as in the land colonisation schemes. Application for some land for Mappedu is also being made. Our 20 acres of land in College has now been cleared and ploughed up. Soon it will be sown and dry paddy grown to help in the local food situation.

At the Rural Centre, the Hand-made paper industry has been reconstituted and is now under the supervision of Mr. C. R. Paulus who has come back to us for some time as Honorary Rural Development Officer. Paper is being produced at the rate of 125 sheets per day and is used by the students and staff of the college as writing pads, envelopes, note-books, drawing paper, specimen papers for science students, etc. We are also supplying paper and writing material to several colleges in the city. This term we are making real pulp out of hay and banana skin and not only from waste paper, rags and from cuttings. The paper department has caused widespread interest in many quarters. The Co-operative Department inspected the place, to consider the possibility of taking it up and running it on a large scale. The Government of Travancore has sent three men to be trained in paper-making for three months in our centre. We are thus gradually, also, becoming a training centre. In this department 12 people are employed. It is want of chemicals and equipment that prevents us from expanding and meeting fully the enormous demand for paper that we receive.

The Hand-pound rice department is now housed in a fine pucca building constructed and lent to us by the College. But we have had extreme difficulty in getting paddy this year. After much difficulty, we purchased Rs. 3,000 worth of paddy and we now supply one of the messes regularly with hand-pound rice. Since we are working only on one-third of our capital, the industry provides employment to six people now. One important improvement has been made. We have discarded the *Punkey-Etham*-and are now using *Chakkis*. We have made ten of them on our own design. Our *chakkis* are now the standardised, M. C. C. Rural Service League's product and are on exhibition in the industries section in Madras at the request of government. The output of rice has increased greatly—500 measures of paddy now yield 260–270 measures of rice where they yielded only 230 measures on the *etham*. We have supplied *chakkis* to other centres and Social Service Leagues.

Poultry has been steadily increasing. Eggs are being distributed in the villages and poultry societies are being formed in one village by St. Thomas Hall Union for the intensive development of poultry. The Spinning School has been restarted and the boys, besides spinning receive general education. They earn a monthly wage plus one meal a day. 10 yards of cloth that they spun last year are now on exhibition. Gardening has been developing well. A keen group of students and staff work daily at the garden.

Our research and study section has decided to issue a series of pamphlets as a result of our rural work and study and in order to help others beginning

work of this kind. Two pamphlets are now in Press for publication,—one on Students and Society and the other on Rural Health.

Students and members of the staff have responded generously to the financial demands of the League. Due to the cyclone havoc in the centre, we started with a deficit of Rs. 400 and we are now working to a budget of Rs. 2,500. The annual Rural Service League Entertainment was the usual success; this year two village items and contributions from the Q. M. C. and W.C.C. Social Service Leagues were new features. We had the largest audience on record—about 1300. The accounts have not been settled and so will be published in the next issue of the Magazine. Last year's accounts are now published and should be carefully studied. Subscriptions from the Unions are regular and encouraging.

The rural situation is desperate and terrifying. More than ever we are called to do everything we can do to help in this situation through study, organisation and service.

A. GNANU,
General Secretary.

C. R. PAULUS,
Hony. Rural Development Officer.

Students and Rural Work Secretaries ...
M. G. GEORGE, *St. Thomas' Hall.*
M. NARASIMHA RAO, *Selaiyur Hall.*
M. ZACHARIAH, *Bishop Heber Hall.*
RAMAKRISHNA RAO, *Lecturers' Colony.*

Rural Service League

I.—HAND-POUND RICE WORKING ACCOUNT

EXPENDITURE	RS	A	P	INCOME	RS	A	P
To Cash Purchases ...	5,277	11	6	By Cash Sales	5,922	1	0
,, Sundry Expenses ...	111	6	2	,, Credit Sales (due) ...	440	4	6
,, Wages and Cooly ...	572	4	0	,, Cartage received ...	20	8	6
,, Cartage Paid	307	12	6	,, Balance (Clothing Stock).			
,, Cost of Hay	12	8	0	Paddy ... RS 166 A 8 P 0			
,, Depreciation of Shed ...	30	0	0	Rice ... 35 0 0			
,, Interest due to College ...	84	14	11	Bags ... 20 0 0			
,, Surplus (Balance carried over to General Statement)	207	12	11		221	8	0
Total ...	6,604	6	0	Total ...	6,604	6	0

II.—GENERAL ACCOUNT

Expenditure	Rs	A	P	Income	Rs	A	P
To Literacy Campaign ...	30	5	1	By Surplus of last year (opening balance) ...	19	5	9
,, Medical Help to Villagers.	19	9	4	,, Subscriptions :—			
,, Travelling Expenses ...	13	4	0	Heber Hall ...	62	0	0
,, Poultry Expenses ...	19	15	1	Selaiyur Hall ...	76	0	0
,, Wages to servants ...	56	5	0	St. Thomas Hall ...	40	15	0
,, Salary to Secretaries ...	109	10	9	Hogg Villa ...	88	0	0
,, Cycle Repairs ...	12	7	0	,, Contributions ...	26	0	0
,, Time-piece repairs ...	2	8	0	,, Sale of Christmas Cards ...	69	3	0
,, Poor-feeding	26	10	0	,, Poultry (receipts) ...	11	14	6
,, Expense for production of Xmas Cards ...	15	0	0				
,, Carpentry Expenses ...	20	6	3				
,, Contingencies ...	21	10	6				
,, Surplus (Balance carried to General Statement).	45	11	3				
Total ...	393	6	3	Total ...	393	6	3

III. ENTERTAINMENT ACCOUNT

Expenditure	Rs	A	P	Income	Rs	A	P
To Expenses as per previous statement	578	5	1	By Sale of preceeds of tickets 1941	690	8	0
,, Surplus (Balance carried over)	112	2	11				
Total ...	690	8	0	Total ...	690	8	0

Expenditure	Rs	A	P	Income	Rs	A	P
To Entertainment expenses (1942)	301	1	0	By Surplus (Balance brought down)	112	2	11
,, Bee-keeping (Rs 28-11-6)	3	11	6	,, Sale of proceeds of tickets 1942	1,006	12	6
,, Spinning (Rs. 160) ...	85	0	0	,, Receipts from paper department	109	2	8
,, Paper-making Rs. (426-13-0)...	326	13	0				
,, Godown account ...	100	0	0				
,, Bore-hole latrine expense.	9	6	0				
,, Surplus (Balance carried over)	402	2	7				
Total ...	1,228	2	1	Total ...	1,228	2	1

IV.—RELIEF FUND ACCOUNT

Expenditure	Rs	A	P	Income	Rs	A	P
To Contingencies ...	5	10	6	By Contributions :—			
,, Gardening Expenses ...	15	13	0	Staff Members ...	167	0	0
,, Magan Deepan purchase.	5	0	0	Halls	245	9	3
,, Medicines to villagers ...	10	0	0	From others ...	101	0	0
,, Clothing to boys ...	12	15	0	Khadi sales ...	9	0	0
,, Loss on supplying Rice and Paddy at lower rate.	156	2	9	From others ...	1	0	0
,, Surplus (Balance carried to General Statement).	318	0	0				
Total ...	523	9	3	Total ...	523	9	3

V.—GENERAL STATEMENT OF AFFAIRS

as on 10th March 1943

Liabilities	RS	A	P
Due to College :—			
H. P. Rice Accouut ...	811	13	4
Interest on above advances.	84	14	11
Surplus (Balances) :—			
II. General Account ...	45	11	3
III. Entertainment A/c....	402	2	7
IV. Relief Fund A/c. ...	318	0	0
I. Hand-pound Rice A/c	207	12	11
Due to Jalal (Shed) ...	100	0	0
Total ...	1,970	7	0

Assets	RS	A	P	RS	A	P
Cash on hand ...				155	4	4
Cash with College (Entertainment A/c) ...				325	0	0
Advances to :—						
Purchase of Paddy ...				205	0	0
Well Construction ...				240	0	0
Manickam (loan) ...				10	0	0
Raman (loan) ...				2	0	0
Sundry Debtors (vide details)				440	4	10
Stock on hand :—(10-3-'43)						
Hand-pound Rice A/c. ...				221	8	0
Relief Fund A/c. ...				230	0	0
Coconut leaves and Bamboos (purchase) ...				63	9	0
Shed Account	100	0	0			
Less Depn.	30	0	0			
				70	0	0
Due from College :—						
(Special farm A/c.) overspent ..				7	12	10
Total ...				1,970	7	0

N.B.—The surplus in Entertainment Account has been used for capital expenditure, such as reconstruction and renewal of shed, Poultry, Shed Building and for expenses in the Paper Department. The details will appear in the next statement.

Madras Christian College Tamil Sangam.

The office-bearers of the above Sangam elected for the year 1943-44 are the following :—

Presidents : Sri T. K. Gopala Iyer, B.A.
Sri P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A.
Student Chairman : Mr. T. N. Singaravelu.
Joint Secretaries : Mr. M. S. Narasimhan,
Mr. K. Kuppuswamy.

The following were elected as the 'Class Representatives' of the various classes.

Mr. K. Dorairaj, Class III.
Mr. K. S. Krishnamoorthy, Class II.
Mr. A. J. Balraj, Class II.
Mr. S. M. Kasim, Class I.
Mr. R. Naghabushanam, Class I.

The inaugural meeting of the Sangam was held on 6th August 1943 when Miss Rajamani Ammayar, M.A., L.T., of Queen Mary's College delivered an address on 'The Beauty of Tamil.' The speaker during her speech gave an outline of the beauties of Tamil, some of which are not to be found in any

other language illustrating them with apt quotations from Kambar, Bharathy and other famous poets.

On 20th August 1943 a debate on the proposition 'That in the opinion of this House the blending of other languages in Tamil should not be allowed' was held with the student president in the chair. Sri L. N. Subramaniam, M.A., was the observer. Messrs. N. Chidambara Thanu and Stanley Williams spoke for the proposition and D. Thirunavukkarasu and M. S. Narasimhan opposed it. Messrs. K. Dorairaj, Govinda Rao and others spoke as supplementary speakers. The proposition was put to vote and carried. Sri L. N. Subramaniam, the observer, remarked 'If it is held that the blending of other languages in Tamil is not injurious to the development of the latter, certainly there cannot be any objection to the use of other languages in Tamil, apart from the fact that the use is inevitable.'

The next important activity of the Sangam was the part taken by it in the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Thiru V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliyar, the great Tamil scholar. We thank the students for their liberal donations.

On 26th August 1943, a preliminary contest was held and speakers were chosen to represent our college in the Inter-Collegiate debate for the 'Principal Thiruvenkataswami Rolling cup.'

We hope to have one or two more meetings this term.

M. S. Narasimhan,
K. Kuppuswami.
Joint Secretaries.

Christian Union

The Christian Union resumed its activities very enthusiastically this year with its new office bearers:—Messrs A. M. Gopal (President), H. F. J. Daniel (Secretary) A. D. Selvaraj (Treasurer), K. E. Oomen (Devotional Service Secretary), S. John (Study Circle Secretary) and A. T. Balraj (Social Service Secretary). We are glad to have our Principal Rev. A. J. Boyd as ex-officio patron and Rev. R. S. Macnicol' and Mr. M. A. Thangaraj as Staff-Advisers.

The combined inaugural and General Body Meeting of the Union was held on 11th July in the Selaiyur Hall Theatre, with Mr. A. M. Gopal in the chair. The Rev. R. S. Macnicol delivered an address on 'The Scope of the S. C. M. in College.' He pointed out to the new members that the main purpose of the Student Christian Movement is to discover the meaning of faith in God through Jesus Christ; and having practised it in one's life to pass on one's experience to others. Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah also spoke about 'The Problem of Finance in the S.C.M.' and explained very clearly the part our membership fee of one Rupee played in the religious background of the S.C.M. The Secretaries read short reports of their plan for the year. The representatives were elected; Miss Theophilus for the Ladies and S. Shantikumar for the Junior Intermediate. A spirited membership campaign has been launched and our membership is a little over a hundred.

On the 18th of July Miss M. Sykes of the Women's Christian College spoke on 'The Necessity of Study Circles for Christian Students.' Study Circles are being conducted every Sunday in the 3 Halls, the subjects being, 'India, Britain and the world', 'The Functions of the Church,' 'Worship,' 'Christianity and Communism' and 'What is the Gospel?'

The N. M. S. Gospel Team consisting of Dr. E. F. Paton of Tirupattur Ashram, Mr. K.V. Rajan the Home Missioner of the N.M.S. and Rev. Arthur John of Chittoor, spent the last three days of July in Tambaram addressing students in the three Halls.

'What is Christianity?' is the theme for the Devotional addresses. The first address of the Series 'The Incomprehensible God' was delivered on 8th August by Miss S. Chakko of Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow.

A combined Retreat for Christian Members of the Staff and Christian Students was held on 15th August at the Methodist Theological Institute, Guindy. The Retreat was very ably led by Rev. Paul Ramaseshan.

A Prayer Conference was arranged by the Provincial S.C.M. at Chromepet from 20th August to the 22nd August. Our College Christian Union sent in 4 representatives. The idea of the Conference was to deepen the prayer life of the S.C.M. And with this strong weapon of prayer in our hands we hope to march forward as true witnesses of Jesus Christ.

H. F. J. DANIEL,
General Secretary.

Madras Christian College Urdu Union

Owing to the small number of Urdu students in our college and lack of interest on the part of these few students the Urdu Union was non-existent for a number of years past. But with the march of years more Urdu students began to join our college and this set us thinking about the idea of re-establishing our Union and by God's grace our attempts in this direction have been remarkably successful. Special mention may be made of our kind Urdu lecturer whose inspiration and advice have always gone a long way to guide and help us in all our activities. Also mention may be made of the kind and voluntary encouragement and help which the Secretary has received from the non-Urdu students who have been punctually attending and taking part in our meetings.

The first meeting of our Union was held on 19th July. Messrs. H. Mohammed Ghouse, of Class IV and Mir-Iqbal Ali of Class III were elected Chairman and Secretary respectively and Mahmood Bin Mohammad, IV Hons. class was elected Treasurer.

We give below details of meetings held this term :—

(1) 23rd July 'One aspect of Dr. Iqbal' by Janab Syed Mohamed Saheb, B.A., Urdu Lecturer.

(2) 29th July 'Life and Death of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan' by Mr. Syed Hussain, 3rd B.A. class.

(3) 6th August 'The theme of love in Urdu Literature' by Mr. A. Mohammed Yousuff, 4th Honours.

(4) 13th August 'Marriage, a sacred institution,' by Mr. Agha Khan 3rd B. A. Class.

(5) 20th August 'Socrates, his life and death' by S. A. Jabbar Khan Honours 3.

We hope to hold two or three more meetings before the end of this term. The secretary takes this opportunity to pay his hearty thanks to all those who helped him in reviving the union and in the subsequent task of convening meetings and earnestly hopes that members will continue to show the same enthusiasm and interest in the union and thus contribute to its long and glorious existence.

MIR IQBAL ALI,
Secretary.

The English Honours Association

With the dawn of the new academic year we began our activities by holding the first business meeting on the 20th of July in St. Thomas's Hall Theatre. The following are the office-bearers elected for the current year :—

President: The Rev. J. R. Macphail, M.A.
Student-chairman: K. Jagadisan, Hons. 5.
Secretary: Mahmood Bin Mohammad, Hons. 4.
Lady Representative: Miss Elizabeth John, Hons. 4.
Class Representatives:
5th Hons.: C. D. Srinivasan.
4th Hons.: S. Krishnan.
3rd Hons.: Deacon Abraham.

The somewhat indolent and lethargic spirit betrayed by some of the members at the elections was soon transformed into keen enthusiasm and our social held on the evening of Wednesday, the 4th of August, proved a decided success. The inaugural address was delivered by Mrs. Macnicol on 'Irish Drama'. In the course of her address she told us how owing to the influence of great writers like W. B. Yeats a renaissance in the Irish stage had been brought about and how out of the depths of intellectual apathy in the dramatic field the phœnix of the Irish histrionic art had once again risen up.

The second meeting was held on Wednesday, the 11th of August, when there was an impromptu debate on various subjects like 'Literary Criticism,' 'Falstaff', 'Miranda', 'Old English Literature' and 'What is Poetry?' About eight speakers took part in the debate. Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan, M.A., M.LITT., was the Observer. The debate was very interesting and informative. Mr. Chandrasekharan in his observations made a plea for the study and discussion of subjects outside the syllabus and said that the final Hons. students should take the lion's share in the activities of the association.

In the next meeting, R. Venkateswaran read a paper on 'Psycho-analysis, D. H. Lawrence and James Joyce.'

We take this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Godwin Rose who distinguished himself by securing the first rank in the recent University examination winning all the three University medals.

In conclusion, I express my heartfelt indebtedness to Mr. Jagadisan, our student-chairman, C. S. Mallikarjunan and all the members who contributed

to the general success of the activities of the Association. I hope that all the members, both ladies and gentlemen, will heartily co-operate with me and help to make this year a flaming success. I close my report with this optimistic note.

MAHMOOD BIN MOHAMMED,
Secretary.

The Malayalee Association

A general body meeting of the above Association was held on Wednesday, 21st July 1943, in St. Thomas's Hall and the following office-bearers and representatives were elected for the year.

President: Sri A. M. Varki, M.A., B.L.
Secretaries: Sri M. G. George.
Sri P. Samuel Philip.
Entertainment Secretary: Sri R. J. Chandy.
Treasurer: Sri M. Mammen.
Class Representatives: Sris G. George, P. B. Thampi, P. V. Thampi, P. P. Ummer Koya, P. C. Ravi Varma, M. P. Koshy, M. P. Sridharan, Velappa Menon, Srimathi Mary Cherian and Srimathi Anna Mathew.

The inaugural meeting of the Association came off on 20th August in Selaiyur Hall, when Sri K. C. Mammen Mappilla, B.A., well-known in Kerala Literary Circles, inaugurated the Association's work for this year. The meeting was made lively by a recitation by Sri O. T. M. Nambiyar and a brilliant and opportune speech by Sri P. P. Ummer Koya on 'Malayalam Literature'.

The committee has decided to celebrate the famous Thiru Onam festival of Kerala with a tea-party, meeting and entertainment. The members are looking forward eagerly to the day. We propose to keep the Association lively throughout the year by having a large number of meetings and not a few functions.

M. G. GEORGE,
P. SAMUEL PHILIP,
Secretaries.

The Economics Association

The Economics Association began with a General Body Meeting on 25th July which elected the following office-bearers.

Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah, M.A., Ph.D.	...	*President.*
C. B. Mottayya	...	*Student-chairman.*
M. Narasimha Rao	...	*Secretary.*
K. T. Ramakrishna	...	*Treasurer.*
John Ramakrishnan	...	*III Hons. Class representative.*
Miss Pinto	...	*IV Class representative.*
D. S. Luther	...	*III Class representative.*

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. A. Krishnaswamy on 3rd August 1943 on 'War Economy and Post War Reconstruction.'

We had and we are having regular weekly Seminar classes. On 12th August Dr. M. S. Adiseshiah read his first paper on 'The British Social Security Scheme'. On 19th August Mr. Mathew Tharakan read a paper on 'Economics and Economists in India.'

Here is the programme of our Seminars for the rest of the term:

2nd September—K. N. Raj ... 'Financial Burden of the War on India.'

9th September—S. Kuriyan ... 'Fall in the Rupee.'

Here is the programme of our general lectures for the rest of this term:

30th Aug.—Mr. E. J. Bingle ... 'Post War Reconstruction.'

6th September—Dr. B. V. Narayanaswamy Naidu ... The subject is not yet fixed.

Through these Seminars we did very good work and our association had a very eventful term. We hope to do much more in the next two terms.

M. NARASIMHA RAO,
Secretary.

Physical Science Association

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. Seshadri, M.A., Ph.D., F.I.C., of Andhra University. The subject was 'The discovery of drugs old and new.' Dr. Ananthakrishnan, M.A., Ph.D., presided. Dr. Seshadri in the course of his address said that the older drugs were almost completely of plant origin. Their discovery was very slow and spread over the whole history of human existence. But with the development of Chemistry—particularly organic Chemistry—a revolution was brought about in the use of plant drugs. The active principles were separated and studied. The chemist has now devised methods of preparing synthetically compounds found in plant and animal products. But owing to economic factors only a few synthetic drugs have succeeded in ousting the natural products. At first synthetic drugs were made in close imitation of the natural compounds, but later on, considerable simplification and variation were found to be possible. For example, adrenaline prepared from the adrenal glands of oxen in America and synthetically in Germany is used in bloodless operations and in cases of spasmodic asthma. But it is unstable and has to be injected. Ephedrine, a synthetic drug made on a similar model, is more stable and can be taken orally. Similarly homatropine is an improvement on atropine, as it brings about dilation of the pupil of the eye far more rapidly and as its effect passes off equally rapidly. The chemist has also achieved remarkable results in the preparation of substitutes for quinine and cocaine. The most outstanding achievement of the past few years is the preparation of synthetic substitutes for the ovarian hormone oestradiol by Dodds and Robinson. The substitutes are stilbooestrol and hexoestrol and they are easier to prepare and more

effective than the natural product. They are largely used in the relief of ailments of women. Prontosil and other members of the sulphanilamide group are also useful modern synthetic drugs.

R. Ramanna,
C. J. Joshua,
Secretaries.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sangham

The year began very auspiciously, and it is hoped that we will be able to reach our goal quite satisfactorily.

Our first general body meeting was held on the 23rd of July under the presidentship of Sri P. R. P. Francis, M.A., when Sri K. Subrahmanyam was elected to the post of the Assistant Secretary. On 1st August, a change was brought about in the constitution. It was decided by the general body that we should have a student-chairman, and Sri G. Jagatpathi was unanimously elected to that post. The following were elected as the representatives for the respective classes.

Honours and P. G.	...	Sri C. G. Ramasubbu.
B.Sc. and B.Sc. (Hons.)	...	Sri N. V. Krishnamurthy.
IV B.A.	...	Sri D. Ramakrishna Reddy.
III B.A.	...	Sri K. Subba Rao.
II Class	...	Sri K. R. Venkaiah.
I Class	...	Sri M. V. Ramakrishna Rao.

Our inaugural address was delivered by Dr. Gidugu Venkata Seethapathi, the subject of which was 'Andhra Abhyudayamu', under the presidentship of the Yuva Raja of Pithapuram.

We propose to publish a Telugu supplement to the College Magazine next term. It is hoped the members will come back at the end of the vacation with good articles.

K. P. Narayana Rao,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabi Vardhini Sangham

A meeting of the above Association was held on the 20th of August, to elect office-bearers, for the year 1943–'44, with Vidvan K. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T., in the chair.

Mr. N. S. Deviah of class II was duly elected Secretary for the year.

N. S. Deviah,
Secretary.

The Historical Association

The general body meeting of the above Association was held on the 4th August in Room 1 when the office-bearers were elected.

The inaugural meeting was held in St. Thomas's Hall on the 16th August when Mr. T. K. Venkataraman, M.A., L.T., Addl. Prof., Pachiappa's College, delivered the inaugural address on 'Government in Ancient India'. Prof. E. J. Bingle, M.A., presided.

In the course of his address, the speaker explained how the common idea held by the Westerns that the ancient Indians were a nation of philosophers and that they were not interested in government, is erroneous. He said that the Hindu monarchy was a benevolent monarchy and not a pure autocracy. Next he dealt with the emergence and glory of the Hindu empires such as the Magadan, Gupta and Harsha empires. These Hindu empires, he said, were civilizing influences rather than exploiting agencies. Concluding his address, the speaker said that democracy was in actual existence in Ancient India. This he illustrated by explaining how elections were conducted on democratic principles.

With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the meeting terminated.

R. RAMAMURTHY,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

Basket Ball

Our College Basket-Ball team played its first match against the Engineering College. We lost by a few baskets primarily owing to our trying out our players. We have a fairly good team. The team also played another practice-match against the Y.M.C.A., in which we came out with flying colours. A couple of practice-matches more will be played this term.

We met the School of Technology in the first league match on their grounds. We won by a comfortable margin, the score being 22–6. We next met Presidency College and won again. Our team will be playing against the Y.M.C.A. soon.

We have a promising future. There is quite good team-work and combination and a fine *esprit de corps* among us.

R. J. CHANDY,
Captain.

Football

With practically all our last year's veterans out of college, we had a hard time in forming a new team, but thanks to the untiring efforts of our Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, we managed to bring out a decent team. Our college players are:—Victor Lamech, Theodore Samuels, Mr. Amirtharaj, E. J. John, Md. Haneef, John Ancheri, Balakrishnan, M. C. Perumal (Vice-Captain), S. Palanivelu, P. Madhavan, Varkey Oommen, Luther, Rajappan and Srinivasa Rao. Besides myself, three other new players from Burma were introduced into the team, namely Victor Lamech, our man 'between the sticks', Theodore Samuels, our stalwart and formidable full back, and Balakrishnan, our diminutive and speedy right wing. Mr. Amirtharaj has condescended to remain in the team and his well-timed and hefty kicks are always a delight to the crowd. Among the others, E. J. John,

Varkey Oommen, and T. Palanivelu and P. Madhavan are outstanding. Taking our team as a whole, our defence is a most impregnable one and I will even go as far as to say that our defence is the best amongst all the college teams. But, our forward line consisting of Lilliputians, though skilful and speedy, lack dash and spirited display.

I am proud to record our defeat at the hands of our old Boys, for it underlines the truism, that ex-Christians remain ever-omnipotent. So far we have played four league matches : we beat the Veterinary College by 7—0, the Stanley Medical College by 1—0, the Law College by 8—1, but we met our Waterloo while playing against the Madras Medicals. It was the most exciting game played on our grounds in the presence of a huge crowd, and after a hotly-contested play, the Christians lost by 0—2. Even though this defeat was a severe set-back, yet ' there's many a slip between the cup and the lip ' and we have an inner feeling that we shall emerge as final victors.

In concluding, I must thank our President, Rev. J. R. Macphail, for his enthusiasm and keen interest in the welfare of our team, and our Principal, and other members of the college staff for their kind presence at all the matches, and also our students for their cheerings at our matches.

I. E. NELSON ISAACS,
Captain.

Cricket

As the academic year 1943 drew near, our thoughts unconsciously began to reflect on the forthcoming activities of the college year. The war had curtailed most of our pleasures, and we were rather uncertain whether cricket would be continued. But as we all know, we have this year another opportunity of getting the maximum pleasure out of the game.

We opened our cricket season with a practice-match against Loyola College. We were unfortunate to lose. But personally I feel that the defeat was a blessing in disguise, as it set our players working seriously right from the beginning. The next practice-match, against Pachiappa's College, ended in a victory for us. There was a definite improvement in our game and by this time the College XI had been more or less chosen.

We have played three intercollegiate matches this term, and we are glad to announce that we have been successful so far.

Special mention must be made about the match against Law College. As far as I know, the Christian College has created a new record in dismissing the whole Law College team for a paltry total of eleven runs. V. R. Neelakantan deserves credit for bagging 7 wickets for 3 runs. It also gives me great pleasure to congratulate B. Alaganan on behalf of the team for his brilliant century against the Law College. He has been doing consistently well with the bat as well as with the ball. He has a bright cricket future before him.

We played two friendly matches against two outside teams. One was against the Jolly cricketers. This team being a very strong one, consisting of many famous players like A. G. Ramsingh, K. S. Kanan, N. J. Venkatesan

and others, the collegians were in an excited, not to say, nervous condition. The collegians winning the toss, sent the visitors to field. It was quite a surprise when we hit up the grand score of 192 runs. The visitors made 101 runs for the loss of 6 wickets when stumps were drawn. Those who fared well with the bat for the college were E. L. Philip 48, E. C. Philip 39, T. Abraham 33, G. Zachariah 31. Those who were responsible for the wickets were B. Alaganan 3 for 31, E. L. Philip 2 for 36. The only notable scorer on their side was A. G. Ramsingh, 30.

Another rather exciting match was played against the St. Joseph's College, Trichy. Although we began badly, we soon regained our footing and won by a large margin.

A word of advice to the members of the college team. I am sure we are all exceedingly keen on winning the Cricket League match this year. The only way to success is by practice. If we could only take our practices more seriously, there would be no doubt about the final result. So I hope each one of you will make the best use of the matches which are to be played at Bangalore during our tour.

Finally we owe our gratitude to Mr. C. A. Abraham who has enabled us to enjoy our cricket by providing us with an excellent pitch and other necessities, and also to our President Mr. Vedasiromani for his keen interest in each individual of the team, and for his presence at every match which is always an encouragement to the players.

E. C. PHILIP,
Captain.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY V. M. PHILIP AT THE DIOCESAN PRESS,
18 CHURCH ROAD, VEPERY, MADRAS, 1943—C2809
EDITED BY REV. J. R. MACPHAIL, M.A., AND K. R. CHANDRASEKHARAN, M.A., M.Litt.,
MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, TAMBARAM